THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIX | Friday, November 24, 1933 | Number 4

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index.*

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Publication office, 34 N. Crystal St., East Stroudsburg, Pa. Executive offices, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.

RUSSIA AND RELIGION

WHEN Maxim M. Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for foreign affairs, blithely assured newspaper reporters in Europe that so far as his government was concerned, half an hour's talk between himself and President Roosevelt ought to be sufficient to bring about recognition of Russia by the United States, it would seem that the Commissar badly blundered. The Russian idea that all the serious questions which are at issue between this country and the Soviet government might be airily relegated to future discussions after recognition became an accomplished fact has not been accepted at Washington. Perhaps M. Litvinov was affected by a flood of praise of his diplomatic ability poured out in so many newspapers, and did not remember with sufficient realism that his own side of the case might not be the only one to be studied by the State Department, and decided by President Roosevelt. At all events, his own estimate of the situation was apparently accepted quite naively by many American newspapers, so that when day after day passed, and the Soviet Commissar was even obliged to cancel the return trip to Russia announced so confidently, and recognition was seen to depend upon the outcome of serious discussion of serious problems, rather than upon Russia's own conception of recognition first and discussion later on, the surprise of the newspapers was very great. It is a fact which again indicates how often our metropolitan press fails to recognize the depth and extent of currents of thought in American life which run apart from the ordinary channels of business and politics. That many millions of Americans of many forms of religious faith are alarmed and shocked by the war on religion in Russia, is a fact which the newspapers should realize.

If it be true, as now seems quite probable, that President Roosevelt has made a demand "that the Soviet Union publicly concede the right of religious liberty for Americans in Russia as a condition precedent to American recognition," it is a further proof that President Roosevelt is far better informed as to the facts of American public opinion than are most of our newspapers. For it can be taken for granted that many religious bodies have acted to bring to the President's attention the true situation in Russia concerning religion, which the

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almost exclusive concentration of the press on such matters as trade and political considerations has tended to relegate to obscurity.

The newspapers are, however, now somewhat dazedly recalling that the President of the United States actually seems to believe that religion is not simply a matter to be recognized in an occasional pious generality, but that to him it is a great, fundamental force in world affairs. The *Herald Tribune,* for example, quotes a passage from the President's address at the Catholic Charities Convention in New York last month, in the course of a special dispatch from Washington dealing with the unexpected hitch in the Russian negotiations. The passage is indeed a very significant one. It is as follows:

"No government organization in all history has been able to keep the human touch to the same extent as church and private effort. Government can do many things better than private institutions, but in the last analysis, success in personal matters depends upon personal contact.

"The people of the United States still recognize, and I believe recognize with firmer faith than ever before, that spiritual values count in the long run more than material values.

"Those who have sought by edict to eliminate the right of mankind to believe in God, and to practise that belief, have in every case discovered, sooner or later, that they are tilting in vain against an inherent, essential, undying quality, and indeed a necessity of the human race—a quality and a necessity which in every century has proved an essential to permanent progress."

We sincerely hope that the *Herald Tribune* is correct in associating this statement by President Roosevelt with what it, and many other newspapers, assume to be his attitude in regard to the religious issue in the Russian negotiations.

Dispatches from Moscow are quoting newspapers which directly reflect governmental views (of course all Russian newspapers are controlled and censored by the government) as asserting that if the negotiations break down the responsibility will be upon Washington. The arrogance of the Soviet government in calmly assuming that Washington would first recognize the Soviet Union, and then deal with all the grave disputes and problems which exist, and have existed for many years, between this country and Russia, is astounding. To be sure, M. Litvinov has won what have been lauded as great diplomatic victories for his government by such audacity; but no doubt our own State Department has not been blind to the grave difficulties which so many countries have encountered in their stormy and unsatisfactory relations with Moscow by extending recognition before existing issues and problems were dealt with. It would seem that Washington is determined not to fall into that particular trap. President Roosevelt and the State Department evidently are determined to meet and to clear away, if possible, many highly important questions which if left to the future would only rise up then to plague them.

The next move would seem—as we write—to be up to Moscow. Apparently, M. Litvinov has referred the religious issue to his home office. As the chief expert in foreign affairs of the Soviet government, he himself, were he in Moscow and some other negotiator in Washington, would probably be the man that Stalin would depend upon for a judgment. It would now, however, seem to rest with Stalin himself to decide one of the most momentous issues of his extraordinary career. Publicly to acknowledge a concession, even a comparatively slight one, to religion, would be a sign to the whole world that the defeat of the Rusian atheistic war on religion has begun. That defeat is certain, sooner or later. It would be a glorious thing if the President of the United States should prove to be the one who publicly begins it.

WEEK BY WEEK

The U. S. and Britain

TRY THOUGH he may to emphasize his standoffishness and icy reserve, the Englishman is really one of the most socially venturesome of all mortals. It is only proximity to France—which in some of its gayer moments gives a picture of wanton exuberance — that could ever have led the Britisher into considering himself something like a snapping turtle or a snail. Notice, for example, the present crisis in the relations between the United States and other nations Of course we term it "crisis" not because it is more serious than usual, but because it is a time of change. Every European country has been trying in vain to understand what managed currency and NRA are, but in the continental papers the most dire confusion exists. Many Germans are inclined to watch the Roosevelt experiments with sympathy, but there is scarce one who is able to read himself into the American reality which produced those experiments. The situation is quite different in Britain. Of course there is a very considerable awareness of the so-called trade and currency war which is supposed to be raging, and occasionally this awareness expressed itself rather grotesquely in the press. Even so the average London banker or business man is so concerned with problems round about him that his attitude toward what is being done abroad remains objective and, on the whole, sympathetic.

PERHAPS the best example is the series of articles contributed by Sir Herbert Samuel to the London *Times,* in consequence of a visit of inquiry to New York and other cities. He believes that

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the motive underlying the decisions of the government is merely the desire to make some headway against a decline which threatened to destroy all economic well-being, and asserts that the burden of proof rests upon those who hold that another way out would have been easier to follow. In so far as the steps taken by Mr. Roosevelt are concerned, he distinguishes clearly between the monetary policy sponsored after the closing of the banks and the "planning" being attempted under the NRA. Of the last he says that it represents the greatest social experiment yet undertaken by any government, and that if it succeeds other countries will have much to learn. Nevertheless the scepticism of Americans themselves is carefully analyzed, and the natural criticisms of an outsider are voiced objectively and calmly. We have seldom seen a brief analysis by a foreigner which combines so much ability to see with so much desire to comprehend. It compensates for much we have had to endure in the past, and encourages the feeling that Britain's conception of the United States is being emancipated from that "certain condescension" about which much has been said.

Ideals in Fact

A BUREAUCRACY which is not something between the people and the State but is itself the expression in reality of the common purposes of the people, was the ideal expressed by Premier Mussolini in his recent address at Rome foreshadowing even further developments of the corporative state in Italy. Here he was no doubt dealing with a mental conception, a matter of ideology. To deny, however, that matters of ideology are potent has been an unhappy modern folly which no doubt has led to more frustrations than are commonly attributed to it. "In the beginning was the Word" applies to far more than the contemplation of God; it applies to His service in everything, both by those in the body of His Church who rationally, deliberately make the devotion of themselves to His service, and also by those in the soul of His Church who do it blindly from a simple self-dedication to doing good or from some limited "as-if" philosophy. Not since the ferment in social ideology at the end of the eighteenth century, coincident with the American and French revolutions, has there been anything comparable to the activity of the years in which we are living. *Laissez-faire,* which was in fact greed and abuse of power and truly infernal cynicism dignified by a false philosophy, spanned those intervening years, and its coincidence with the industrial revolution, the emergence of steam power and the factory system, sowed over the world the ugliness, the drab living and finally the widespread destitution in the midst of superabundant real wealth of the last few years. It led to disastrous war and spawned the fatalistic "economic determinism" which is its more recent philosophical guise, reducing man to the level of a digestive system with automatic kinetic functions for grabbing as much as strength permits him to grab.

IF ONE wants strong heady doses of ideology, let him turn to the writings of the founding fathers of this commonwealth. The power of their earnest convictions was greater than mere appetite, and the force of their ideology has been a bulwark against the ignorant and the vicious who are the products of their own cynicism. Until quite recently it has been fashionable to laugh at idealism. The cynics still cock an amused, sceptical eye at the idea that the peoples of the United States corporatively can mold their destinies on a plan which envisages the old ideal of the greatest good of the greatest number. The abolition of child labor, of the sweat-shops that reduced industrial competition to its lowest, unfairest levels, the widespread improvement in capital values and the reemployment of 4,000,000 persons are accomplishments which they blink with the other eye. Personally we do not will to be like that and find many evidences of an enlightened humanism that yields comfort in a still far from perfect present and gives hope for the future. We are grateful for the ideology of government expressed by Premier Mussolini with which we began this editorial. It is one worth considering and reconsidering and making effective. Any other conception of government is surely one to be hated, feared and fought. And for a great reservoir of ideology for our times we believe that we cannot too often return to the encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," of Pope Pius XI on reconstructing the social order, and its precursor which it commemorated, with their roots in God's purpose and its reaffirmation 1900 years ago, the constant common purpose of all people of good-will.

Beyond the NRA

WHILE there are threats from Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and hints from conservative Colonel House, as well as from other sources in and out of official responsibility now, that if the NRA does not work, not less but greater government supervision of public affairs will be necessary, probably involving some kind of absolute dictatorship, it might be well to consider yet another analysis of a possible trend in our affairs. This was indicated by Father R. A. McGowan, assistant director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He pointed out that while the NRA was a step in the direction of the complete plan for social justice of Pope Pius XI, it still fell short in several essentials. It does this, said Father McGowan, "because there is under it no council of the employers' organization and the labor unions in each industry for the guidance of the industry to the common good; and no federation of the sep-

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arate councils, including agriculture and non-industrial occupations, to the same end. Instead, the organized employers alone control production and prices under government supervision and only bargain, or perhaps do not bargain, with organized employees about wages and hours . . . the longer it [NRA] falls short of the new social order of the encyclical, and gives the first control to employers alone and only bargaining power to organized employees, then, in addition to its not establishing that prosperity for all which is the aim of social justice, there is greater danger from two main sources—the class struggle and excessive governmentalism." From these last two, we believe, it would be every American's sincere prayer that he should be delivered. And the self-styled liberals will be amazed, we believe, when they consider the above and appreciate the true radicalism of the Holy Father, which equally is the only true conservatism.

Biffs and Ballots

THE NEWSPAPERS describing some of the incidents which took place around polling booths during New York's recent municipal election, read much as Dicken's notebooks must have read when he was preparing the American chapters of "Martin Chuzzlewit." In the words of Hannibal Chollop, one of the backwoods immortals of that great novel, many people "was chawedup considerable"—with the casualties, be it added (we are still quoting the newspapers, having made no personal count of bloody noses), confined to the non-Tammany groups. A Recovery watcher received a painful stab in the neck. A Communist watcher was rendered unconscious by some expertly delivered kicks, while the Communist candidate for mayor was hurled out into the street. College lads serving for the Honest Ballot Association were severely beaten. The Fusion campaign manager, and the Democratic watcher whose tactics he protested, both ended up in court charged with disorderly conduct. Fisticuffs and turbulence were common in Harlem, Greenwich Village and the the lower East Side. And yet we do not believe we are alone in feeling the whole effect distinctly hopeful. For one thing, as Commissioner Bolan pointed out, it was a three-cornered election fight, with the feeling high beyond parallel. In spite of hasty complaint, the police seem to have acquitted themselves well in the unusual circumstances; there were no fatalities, and there were over four-score arrests. For another, more important thing, the attitude of citizens generally toward this phenomenon of thuggery was so awakened, so alert, so promptly resentful, that it was almost worth while having the demonstration. Mayor-elect La Guardia, impersonally clearing out one polling place, ripping off the badges of the invaders and routing them to a man, exactly expressed or even dramatized this new spirit that we feel to be unmistakably here. More power to his elbow!

Arbiters of the Future

IN AN article in *Scribner's*, "American Code: Class of 1950," Miriam Allen de Ford becomes deeply thoughtful about one very important section of our population: the young children—aged up to the beginning teens—of the responsible American middle classes. She purposely eschews from her brief but suggestive survey the less fortunate children upon whom the stress of poverty and wrong conditions of living may fairly be thought to bear to their social and moral detriment. Trying for an appraisal of the sort of national life that will be shaped by those emerging into adulthood at the mid-century, she seeks the social level which promises most to the reasonable optimist. It must be admitted that, on the basis of this deliberately limited material, she makes with considerable cogency the point that optimism is not very reasonable. She finds that the subjects of her analysis are almost universally movie addicts, and that their enthusiastic reception of movie presentations of gangsters, back-stabbers and rats is unchecked by any discernible moral tradition. She finds that many take readily to ganging and thievery; that many have little conception of sportsmanship and honor. For what she finds, Miss De Ford blames the adults, quite rightly. It is they, as she points out, who are responsible for the movie-going of the children, and who are more deeply responsible for other moral lacks. When they are teachers, they will be found cheating in their own examinations; when they are citizens, they laugh at political corruption, condone injustices that conform to their own particular taste, endorse and even partake in brutalities and lynchings.

IT IS true. But is not the picture unduly dark, for all of that? As to the adults, there are others among them besides Miss De Ford who will not cheat—even at solitaire; who were not amused at the oil scandals; who do not want Mooney kept in prison even though they may detest and fear radicalism; who reprobate legal and social injustice, and do serious and sustained work against it. If there were not, the country would already have ceased to exist. As to the children, and the impact of their elder's ideals, Miss De Ford is reckoning without two potent factors, it seems to us. The first is that surprising streak of mere health in the race—perhaps it comes from what a poet has finely called "God's uncovenanted mercies"—that brings so many of them safely through what looked like inevitable disaster. The second, and more important to us human beings in the sense that it is something we can control, she specifically rules out: religious training. What this is, the "prison statistics" cited by Miss De Ford to prove its worthlessness, will never tell us. It is not merely "send-

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ing children to Sunday school"; it is giving them an entire moral and spiritual structure, and the discipline and grace to help them live by it with increasing fidelity and awareness, in the midst of whatever temptations life provides. This is being done, not alas in every case where it should be done—"prison statistics" show that; but happily, it is being done in enough cases to constitute a force, a leaven, which is bound to be felt throughout the national body: a positive element which is not discoverable, or definable, in the states, or terms, of its negation.

Attention Mr. Benét!

A FEW months ago there appeared in the *New Yorker* an extraordinary poem by Stephen Vincent Benét, inspired, one imagines, by the news item that a species of wood-eating ant had begun to undermine the piles and planks of houses in some parts of the city. Mr. Benét built up, with details that managed to be hypnotically convincing, the picture of a tropicalized Manhattan: a lazy island washed by diverted gulf streams, its rivers choked with enormous flora, the electric restlessness of its life sunk into somnolence; while downtown, in presage of the final ruin to come, the white ants were found one night eating their way, by means of greatly improved incisors, through the steel girders of a skyscraper. It was a good, creepy job—so good that one's mind instinctively leaps to Mr. Benét upon reading the current news from Paris about that city's plague of rats. What the poet would evoke from it is of course the poet's secret, but surely it would be something more strange even, and much more fierce. For what is an ant compared to a rat? The ghoul of the beast world, with the depraved sagacity of an evil spirit, and the ferocity of a tiger, he is a walking nightmare. Loathliness and horror float around him. He has sucked human blood, gnawed starved living flesh, waxed fat upon carrion, carried the Black Death. And now one reads that Paris has, on estimate, a rat for every member of the populace. Penning them up to starve has not diminished them, poison and inoculation with germs fatal to rodents have been of no avail. The city has turned as a last resort to the breeding of giant cats. What a war this will be, on docks and in cellars and under the grisly arches of that *maxima cloaca* that Victor Hugo has painted forever for the imagination! What a set-up for Mr. Benét!

Legendaires

WE ARE sorrowful rather than surprised to read that, on Colonel Lindbergh's recent visit to Le Bourget field, scene of his epical triumph, he "smilingly disclaimed" having uttered on that occasion the sentence, "I am Charles A. Lindbergh." Some of the best legends about historic speeches have a way of exploding. General Pershing, who should have been the one to think of it, has disclaimed having originated the announcement, "Lafayette, we are here." George Washington, it seems to be agreed, did not say, "Father, I cannot tell a lie." There are people who are shaken in their faith that Mark Twain pronounced the reports of his death "greatly exaggerated." Lincoln alone seems safe; such was the man's proven humor that for every legend decapitated, research provides two more to take its place. The question that has often troubled us is, who originates these stories? Are they the perpetuation of mere mistaken reports? They are always too perfect and apropos for that. Some mind produces each one, and fits it to its occasion; just as some mind mints the marvels of verbal coinage which afterward become common slang, and the popular gags which express public situations so perfectly. Everyone can recall one or two of these about Mr. Hoover, whose administration produced an unusual supply. And some current anonym has put together deliberately, brick by brick, the perfectly expressive tale that when Mr. Strauss arrived in Paris as ambassador, he said, "Lafayette Galleries, we are here," to which the reply was made, "Macy beaucoup." But who?

LITURGICAL ARTS SOCIETY

AS THE great resurgence of spiritual energy within the Catholic Church which has marked the pontificate of Pius XI, and which can justly be considered one of the major phenomena of our age, spread throughout the world, a vast number of new movements appeared, in all the many fields of Catholic Action. By far the larger number were devoted to the promotion of the familiar, traditional, primary tasks of Catholicism —its mission work, for example; or educational activities; the recruitment of the clergy and the religious orders, and similar duties. Other movements appeared which through many forms of organization endeavored to realize that cooperation of the laity with the hierarchy and the clergy which is the essence of Catholic Action in fields which extend the influence of the Church into the general life of human society. Some of these movements were designed to spread the teachings of the Church on a broad scale, in relation to matters of immediate and pressing importance, such as economics, or international cooperation for peace. Others, again, took for their special attention subjects of less spectacular interest, but of no less real importance. Among these latter groups, we doubt if any movement among Catholics has won its way more steadily and consistently and successfully than the Liturgical Arts Society. It has issued a pamphlet in order to explain the essential elements of its work to the Catholic public, and to appeal for a measure of financial support which will enable it to pass safely through the present

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crisis. Its needs are moderate; its own opportunities for reaching a self-supporting position are excellent; and we most heartily recommend its work to our readers.

The primary purpose of the Liturgical Arts Society is to supply to the Catholic clergy expert advice and guidance not merely on the esthetic and liturgical factors of their church buildings and altar vessels and vestments, but also, even more important, on the purely business aspects of these affairs. Such guidance to be effective must come from a disinterested source—a source above suspicion of selfish advantage—and the Liturgical Arts Society is eminently competent in this respect. It numbers sixteen bishops among its active members, and its activities are conducted under the patronage of the ordinary of the diocese in which its headquarters are located, Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York. More than two thousand clergymen subscribe to its organ, the quarterly magazine, *Liturgical Arts*, which has deservedly won the highest praise in the secular and religious press of both Europe and America. Its president is the eminent architect, Charles D. Maginnis, and around him are gathered men and women who represent the highest and best ideals and practise in all the arts and crafts which are drawn into the service of religion.

In normal times there is spent yearly in the United States about $150,000,000 on Catholic architectural and artistic enterprises—the building and decoration of churches, convents, shrines, colleges, schools, social service institutions of many kinds. Even in such years as the difficult ones through which we are now passing, scores of millions of dollars are expended. The greater part of this money comes from the mass of the Catholic people. That it should be expended with the greatest possible wisdom, foresight and intelligence, and bring the best attainable results in soundness of structure and liturgical beauty, are propositions that no Catholic would question. Yet it is generally acknowledged that a vast deal of Catholic building and decoration has failed to attain a level of merit commensurate with the sacrifices made, the energy consumed, and the ideals which should be followed. The pamphlet of the Liturgical Arts Society states the case as follows:

"The reasons for this unfortunate state of affairs are relatively simple. Individuals are not to blame. It is modern industrialism which has, in all truth, made possible most of the waste we see about us. For modern industrialism has so complicated the business of construction that whereas to build was once a very simple thing—largely dependent for its success upon the honesty of the workman—it is today an incredibly complex thing, full of pitfalls for the inexperienced or the unwary.

"The Catholic clergy is, very properly, in complete charge of almost all Catholic building enterprises. And the clergy, as a whole, have very little business experience in terms of modern industrial life. Nothing is more natural than that, as the possibilities for making mistakes increased, so also have the mistakes increased.

"Suppose that we consider an example, an actual case, a matter of record. It is general practise for architects of intelligence and integrity to charge a fee of at least 6 percent for all work of reasonably large magnitude. The reason for this is simple: under modern conditions adequate planning costs that much, and sometimes considerably more. But there is a variety of architect who, playing on the simplicity of our priests, will offer his services for 3 percent. The priest supposes that here is a great bargain: surely there cannot be that much difference between architects! The 6 percent man is merely planning to make an excessive profit! The result (and here we come to historical cases) is one of two things. (a) The architect makes slipshod and unstudied plans; he leaves all the details to his contractors; the building turns out a makeshift, too expensive at any price. Or (b) the architect deliberately raises the cost of the building so as to increase the amount of his commission. Thus in one recent case a church was built of a very expensive (and perishable) stone where a far less expensive and better stone could have been used. Why? The architect was working on a bargain-counter commission, and he had to raise the amount of his fee to cover his overhead. The result: a building not 3 percent cheaper, but many percent more expensive than was necessary. And this is the type of abuse which lies at the root of the current state of Catholic art and architecture.

"The remedy is simple, although it is one which involves the expenditure of much time and effort. This remedy is education. If anyone supposes that the Catholic clergy, as a whole, desire second-rate and shoddy buildings, he makes a supposition against all charity and, indeed, against all human nature."

While the supplying of practical guidance to the clergy is the principal object of the Liturgical Arts Society—and has already resulted in marked success—its educational work includes the giving of exhibitions, lectures in Catholic schools and seminaries, and the publication of its quarterly review, *Liturgical Arts*. The society also functions as a cooperating medium to make available to the clergy the services of well-equipped artists and craftsmen who are eager to use their talents in the service of the Church but who have hitherto lacked an avenue of approach to the clergy. Silversmiths, painters, sculptors, wood-carvers, as well as architects, are ready and willing to take part in the liturgical revival. We urge our readers to do all they can to support this wholly admirable and well-managed enterprise.

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SAINT THOMAS THE AGNOSTIC

By G. K. CHESTERTON

From the chapter entitled, "The Permanent Philosophy," of "Saint Thomas Aquinas," by G. K. Chesterton, which Sheed and Ward will soon publish, we have selected a passage which has a unity of its own, and which illustrates the brilliant clarity of this latest study, in English, of the Angelic Doctor, the revival of whose philosophy is one of the most hopeful signs and proofs of the general revival of Christianity. And without that revival our western civilization is plainly threatened by collapse.—The Editors.

IT IS a pity that the word anthropology has been degraded to the study of anthropoids. It is now incurably associated with squabbles between prehistoric professors (in more senses than one) about whether a chip of stone is the tooth of a man or of an ape; sometimes settled as in that famous case, when it was found to be the tooth of a pig. It is very right that there should be a purely physical science of such things; but the name commonly used might well, by analogy, have been dedicated to things not only wider and deeper, but rather more relevant. Just as, in America, the new humanists have pointed out to the old humanitarians that their humanitarianism has been largely concentrated on things that are not specially human, such as physical conditions, appetites, economic needs, environment and so on—so in practise those who are called anthropologists have to narrow their minds to the materialistic things that are not notably anthropic. They have to hunt through history and pre-history something which emphatically is not *homo sapiens*, but is always in fact regarded as *simius insipiens*. *Homo sapiens* can only be considered in relation to *sapientia*; and only a book like that of Saint Thomas is really devoted to the intrinsic idea of *sapientia*. In short, there ought to be a real study called anthropology corresponding to theology. In this sense Saint Thomas Aquinas, perhaps more than he is anything else, is a great anthropologist.

I apologize for the opening words of this chapter to all those excellent and eminent men of science, who are engaged in the real study of humanity in its relation to biology. But I rather fancy that they will be the last to deny that there has been a somewhat disproportionate disposition, in popular science, to turn the study of human beings into the study of savages. And savagery is not history: it is either the beginning of history or the end of it. I suspect that the greatest scientists would agree that only too many professors have thus been lost in the bush or the jungle; professors who wanted to study anthropology and never got any further than anthropophagy. But I have a particular reason for prefacing this suggestion of a higher anthropology by an apology to any genuine biologists who might seem to be included, but are certainly not included, in a protest against cheap popular science. For the first thing to be said about Saint Thomas as an anthropologist, is that he is really remarkably like the best sort of modern biological anthropologist; of the sort who would call themselves agnostics. This fact is so sharp and decisive a turning point in history, that the history really needs to be recalled and recorded.

Saint Thomas Aquinas closely resembles the great Professor Huxley, the agnostic who invented the word agnosticism. He is like him in his way of starting the argument, and he is unlike everybody else, before and after, until the Huxleyan age. He adopts almost literally the Huxleyan definition of the agnostic method: "To follow reason as far as it will go"; the only question is—where does it go? He lays down the almost startlingly modern or materialist statement: "Everything that is in the intellect has been in the senses." This is where he began, as much as any modern man of science, nay, as much as any modern materialist who can now hardly be called a man of science; at the very opposite end of enquiry from that of the mere mystic. The Platonists, or at least the neo-Platonists, all tended to the view that the mind was lit entirely from within; Saint Thomas insisted that it was lit by five windows, that we call the windows of the senses. But he wanted the light from without to shine on what was within. He wanted to study the nature of man, and not merely of such moss and mushrooms as he might see through the window, and which he valued as the first enlightening experience of man. And starting from this point, he proceeds to climb the house of man, step by step and story by story, until he has come out on the highest tower and beheld the largest vision.

In other words, he is an anthropologist, with a complete theory of man, right or wrong. Now the modern anthropologists, who called themselves agnostics, completely failed to be anthropologists at all. Under their limitations, they could not get a complete theory of man, let alone a complete theory of nature. They began by ruling out something which they called the unknowable. The incomprehensibility was almost comprehensible, if we could really understand the unknowable in the sense of the ultimate. But it rapidly became apparent that all sorts of things were unknowable, which were exactly the things that a man has got to know. It is necessary to know whether he is responsible or irresponsible, perfect or imperfect, perfectible or unperfectible, mortal or immortal, doomed or

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free, not in order to understand God, but in order to understand man. Nothing that leaves these things under a cloud of religious doubt can possibly pretend to be a science of man; it shrinks from anthropology as completely as from theology.

Has a man free will; or is his sense of choice an illusion? Has he a conscience, or has his conscience any authority; or is it only the prejudice of the tribal past? Is there any real hope of settling these things by human reason; and has that any authority? Is he to regard death as final; and is he to regard miraculous help as possible? Now it is all nonsense to say that these are unknowable in any remote sense, like the distinction between the cherubim and the seraphim, or the Procession of the Holy Ghost. The Schoolmen may have shot too far beyond our limits in pursuing the cherubim and seraphim. But in asking whether a man can choose or whether a man will die, they were asking ordinary questions in natural history; like whether a cat can scratch or whether a dog can smell. Nothing calling itself a complete science of man can shirk them. And the great agnostics did shirk them. They may have said they had no scientific evidence; in that case they failed to produce even a scientific hypothesis. What they generally did produce was a wildly unscientific contradiction. Most monist moralists simply said that man has no choice; but he must think and act heroically as if he had. Huxley made morality, and even Victorian morality, in the exact sense, supernatural. He said it had arbitrary rights above nature; a sort of theology without theism.

I do not know for certain why Saint Thomas was called the Angelic Doctor: whether it was that he had an angelic temper, or the intellectuality of an angel; or whether there was a later legend that he concentrated on angels—especially on the points of needles. If so, I do not quite understand how this idea arose; history has many examples of an irritating habit of labeling somebody in connection with something, as if he never did anything else. Who was it who began the inane habit of referring to Dr. Johnson as "our lexicographer," as if he never did anything but write a dictionary? Why do most people insist on meeting the large and far-reaching mind of Pascal at its very narrowest point; the point at which it was sharpened into a spike by the spite of the Jansenists against the Jesuits? It is just possible, for all I know, that this labeling of Aquinas as a specialist was an obscure depreciation of him as a universalist. For that is a very common trick for the belittling of literary or scientific men.

Saint Thomas must have made a certain number of enemies, though he hardly ever treated them as enemies. Unfortunately, good temper is sometimes more irritating than bad temper. And he had, after all, done a great deal of damage, as many medieval men would have thought; and what is more curious, a good deal of damage to both sides. He had been a revolutionist against Augustine and a traditionalist against Averrhoes. He might appear to some to have tried to wreck that ancient beauty of the city of God, which bore some resemblance to the Republic of Plato. He might appear to others to have inflicted a blow on the advancing and leveling forces of Islam, as dramatic as that of Godfrey storming Jerusalem. It is possible that these enemies, by way of damning with faint praise, talked about his very respectable little work on angels: as a man might say that Darwin was really reliable when writing on coral-insects; or that some of Milton's Latin poems were very creditable indeed.

But this is only a conjecture, and many other conjectures are possible. And I am disposed to think that Saint Thomas really was rather specially interested in the nature of angels, for the same reason that made him even more interested in the nature of man. It was a part of that strong personal interest in things subordinate and semi-dependent, which runs through his whole system: a hierarchy of higher and lower liberties. He was interested in the problem of the angel, as he was interested in the problem of the man, because it was a problem; and especially because it was a problem of an intermediate creature. I do not pretend to deal here with this mysterious quality, as he conceives it to exist in that inscrutable intellectual being, who is less than God, but more than man. But it was this quality of a link in the chain, or a rung in the ladder, which mainly concerned the theologian, in developing his own particular theory of degrees. Above all, it is this which chiefly moves him, when he finds so fascinating the central mystery of man. And for him the point is always that man is not a balloon going up into the sky, nor a mole burrowing merely in the earth; but rather a thing like a tree, whose roots are fed from the earth, while its highest branches seem to rise almost to the stars.

The Clock Ticks

I make no moot; come what! come hap! come chance!
So speaks the child, if he could speak at all.
Bright bubble, thoughtless it will burst and fall,
He goes; nor recks of time or circumstance.
(Almost *deliberate* insouciance.)
The berry savors sweet, so does the gall.
The sunlight is not different from the squall.
Great God, preserve that childish consonance.

But man. O prudent counter at the till
Of broken schemes, mad hopes, and wasted pains.
Always a thing must be that never will.
And time; ah, what a little hour remains.
Then fret and blow the glow that wastes the wick;
And shake to hear the hurrying *tick* and *tick*.

LeGarde S. Doughty.

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OUTWITTING THE DOGS OF FRAUD

By T. SWANN HARDING

DO LAWS wear out? The question was asked in connection with the revised Food and Drugs Act introduced in Congress by Senator Copeland June 12 last. If laws do not wear out, what's the matter with the law we already have? Why don't the rascals in the Department of Agriculture enforce it?

The question reminded me of my back fence. A few years ago a great many big dogs got to wandering about my neighborhood so I had to have a back fence built. It was a very good fence —for big dogs—and they looked at it and decided not to come into my yard. All went well for some years until a lot of little dogs began to infest the neighborhood. They took a look at my fine back fence and then slithered right under it, got into the yard, and made a mess of everything. Later they made a way of slithering through up above. The big dogs made no attempt to follow the little ones, because they had found that virtue was its own reward. But now I have to have a new fence built. It will be strong enough to keep out big dogs and tight enough to keep out the small ones.

The Food and Drugs Law as passed in 1906 at the instance of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley has proven excellent for outwitting the big dogs. But any number of little dogs have come into existence since that law was passed, and they slither through the fence regardless of all efforts of enforcement officials to prevent them from doing so. It is false propaganda, designed to lull consumers into security and prevent the passage of the revised bill, for anyone to contend that all we need is more money and better watchmen. That is not the case at all. The watchmen have been scrupulous, faithful and energetic. Large appropriations would be useful, of course, for we could hire still more watchmen. But what we need is a new fence.

It stands to reason, to drop the metaphor, that a law passed in 1906 would be somewhat obsolete in 1933. Many things have happened since then. The Federal Trade Commission announced the other day that the toilet article and cosmetic industry did a business of approximately $250,000,000 a year in perfumes, toilet waters, face powders and creams, rouges and so forth. The "beauty racket" is said to be a million dollar business annually, when you sum it all up. This was not true in Dr. Wiley's day. Today the cosmetic industry needs control.

Since 1906 altogether new food elements have appeared, for instance, the vitamins. They are widely exploited. Just last week the food council of the leading medical association accepted and gave its stamp of approval to a new bread containing 140 units of vitamin D per 24-ounce loaf. What does that mean in terms of you and me? It means that if a child ate the entire pound and a half loaf of bread it would absorb as much vitamin D as it would get from three teaspoonfuls of cod liver oil. Would your child be likely to do that? But the vitamin D is added to the bread in the form of an irradiated fat, and excellent scientific authorities say the fat is less potent than cod liver oil anyway when children use it. What about that?

Even more questions can be asked. How much vitamin D does the "average" child need? How much vitamin D does the "average" adult need? Is it best for these individuals to have their vitamins administered in cod liver or other fish liver oil, as irradiated ergosterol, or in foodstuffs? These questions are unanswerable. There is no conclusive clinical evidence. Yet the exploitations of new food elements go on with the connivance of the leading medical society, and the present Food and Drugs Law can do nothing because there are no standards for foods that are defined with the force and effect of law.

In this case what we need is a standard for bread containing vitamin D, provided the product was needed anyway, a standard declaring that it must contain so much vitamin D equivalent perhaps to so much standard cod liver oil or else it could not legally be sold or advertised.

In the same way what is tomato paste—a product containing 14 percent solids or one containing 22 percent? You can buy either, so labeled on the market. Both are legally tomato pastes because tomato paste has never been defined.

Take pectin. Never heard of it? Probably not, but no doubt you have eaten it. It was developed by scientists to help the citrus fruit industry which wanted some way to utilize its culls and waste fruits profitably. Government scientists told the industry how to make pectin, and the making of pectin has become a profitable side line now. Pectin has a legitimate use. For instance, it can be added to fruits like strawberries, which contain no pectin naturally, and will make them "jell," which they will not otherwise do. It can also be added to highly mature fruit which will not jell because all of its pectin has turned into sugar; again it aids in the production of a fine preserve. But unscrupulous manufacturers have found that they can take one-half the usual quantity of fresh strawberries (or other fruit) that should be used in a preserve or a jam, add sugar, some tartaric acid, and pectin

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and produce a synthetic product that passes for jam among wholesalers, retailers or housewives. This is sold widely and is highly profitable.

You say it is an imitation; why doesn't the food law get it? But it is sold under a fancy distinctive trade name. The label doesn't say jam or preserves. It may say "strawberry flavor" or it may even have a picture of a strawberry on it, but it is called by some distinctive trade name and that, so long as it contains no added poisonous ingredient that might be deleterious to health, fully protects it under the present law.

Pectin came along since Dr. Wiley's day and passed into widespread use. So did mass production, in its larger aspects. Combination and recombination has recently been the custom in the food industry as elsewhere.

Consider butter. Butter is defined by law as a product containing 80 percent butter fat. Years ago butter was a matter of small scale production; today a single concern may turn out carloads. It is perfectly possible for that concern to drop a few tenths or even ½ percent below the legal standard and do this deliberately. Under the present law it pays for a big firm to do that, if sufficiently unscrupulous, because the fine for a violation is so small. A large butter concern could increase its profits very considerably by making its butter consistently a little low in butter fat and paying the resultant fine as a sort of license for engaging in an illegitimate business. We need heavy penalties and even jail sentences for first offenses under the law to curb this racket. The revised act will carry them.

When the original Food and Drugs Act was passed, it made necessary the declaration of ten habit-forming or hypnotic drugs on the labels of all products containing them. But since that time new hypnotics have been developed, while many drugs that are dangerous for laymen to use without medical advice now commonly form part of patent cures widely advertised as harmless for self-medication. Naturally the law of 1906 is powerless to control the barbutic acid derivatives, for instance, since so widely used, and which are habit-forming hypnotics that should be declared on package labels.

There are drugs of the analgesic group, heart depressants such as acetanilid and aspirin, which are widely used by nervous and excited laymen for their headaches and other minor ills. Dangerous, liver-destroying cinchopen appears in remedies for rheumatism and neuritis; powerful thyroid takes its place in fat-reducing nostrums, along with violent purges; radium appears here and there, some times with fatal results; and candy laxatives of all sorts appear containing the drug phenolphthalein which is always harmful to the kidney tissues. Under the present law these drugs are legally sold, undeclared on the label.

That means the labels are truthful and make no false and fraudulent curative claims. That, unfortunately, is about all it means. Here, for instance, before me is a product labeled as "a moderately mineralized alkaline, calcic, saline water. . . . Intended to combat excess acid and to assist nature in the elimination of waste matter. Not a specific or cure. Not habit forming." All very quiet, very sedate, very conservative and, mark it well, very true. Why then did this "electrolyzed" tap water, which was essentially lime water added to an equal volume of hydrant water costing perhaps $.01 per gallon to make, sell widely and successfully for $2.00 a gallon?

This was possible because advertising separate from the package, and perfectly legal under Dr. Wiley's Food and Drugs Act, made the claim by inference and ambiguity, if not directly, that the stuff was a boon for sufferers from stomach cancer, from venereal diseases, from blood, heart, throat, and kidney troubles, from arthritis and tuberculosis, and from female troubles. It could not only dissolve and "carry off" tumors and cancers, according to the claims, but it was great in pneumonia and influenza. Worse still, a state Food and Drugs Commissioner recommended it as "a remedy for sour stomach, diarrhea, dysentery, diabetes, gravel, and dyspepsia," and fulsome testimonials from prominent bankers and even Chambers of Commerce gave further backing. The revised Act would stop that sort of fraud because it covers all advertising by direct or even inferential statement.

Here again is a product that claims "now you can reduce two to four pounds in a night." It is a very "scientific" mineral salt combination and sells for $1. Or, if you care for the truth, it is about $.03 worth of Epsom salts mixed with some ordinary table salt and some Glauber's salt, and scented with oil of pine needles. Over one and one-half million packages were sold to the gullible and $500,000 was spent in advertising it. In the ordinary run of things the present Food and Drugs Act does not cover such products because a drug is an agency used to cure disease and because obesity is not considered legally to be a disease.

This particular product, however, made claims that were essentially to the effect that its use would remedy rheumatism and other diseases. Consequently it was seized in October, 1931, in several places and legal action taken. But all that can be accomplished by the present law will be to have the label cleared of false and fraudulent claims to cure disease. Once the label becomes legally correct the manufacturers can continue selling the product, recommending it in general advertising in any terms they see fit—so long as the Federal Trade Commission does not get after them for statements so wild that they constitute "unfair competition."

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The control of all such products is devious and cumbersome. As early as 1917 Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, who was then Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry which enforced the Food and Drugs Act, pointed out all the loopholes in the measure and recommended its revision. The Honorable D. F. Houston, who was then Secretary of Agriculture, included these recommendations for strengthening the act in his Annual Report, just as secretaries before him had done. Over and over again the officials in charge of enforcing the act have pointed out its weaknesses and have asked action.

The law is legalistic in form. It assumes that twelve good men and true can exercise sound judgment on the complex technical questions which today come before lay juries, whereas the jury came into existence when non-technical questions were adjudicated that required only calm, dispassionate judgment and sound mind, not technical training and experience. The law originally came under the Constitution through the Commerce Clause. It forbids not the adulteration or misbranding of food and drug products but the transportation and sale of such products in interstate commerce.

It covers only package labels and advertising matter sold as an essential part of the package. The revised act will cover all advertising statements. It will demand not only that they be true as to facts but that they do not deceive by the devious routes of ambiguity and inference. For an advertiser can very easily avoid the lie direct—and that is about all ethical advertising associations of the day care to promise voluntarily—and yet create most illusive or delusive impressions by inference and ambiguity.

The law covers only poisonous ingredients added to foods that may be deleterious to the health of the consumer. This means that each case is specific and must be tried by itself. This opens a battle between competing experts who testify this or that way in specific cases. The new law will establish minimum legal tolerance for poisons in foods and cosmetics, and a product found to contain more than the tolerated quantity of a poison is condemned forthwith.

Furthermore the present law pays no attention to natural poisons in foods. Yet certain edible beans and lentils contain considerable hydrocyanic acid: so do bitter almonds. Spinach and rhubarb are full of oxalic acid. There is poisonous solanine in potatoes. Certain cereals and forage crops take up selenium from certain soils and are very poisonous. Cranberries naturally contain much more benzoic acid than is ever used as a food preservative. Prawns and other seafoods contain quantities of arsenic and of lead in excess of the quantities the Food and Drugs Administration now tolerates in sprayed fruits and vegetables. The revised act will cover natural poisons in foods, nor will the government have to prove in each specific case that the quantity of poison present might be deleterious to health. The tolerance will settle that.

The present law compels the government to prove that a therapeutic statement on the label of a patent medicine is false and fraudulent. That means the government must prove that the manufacturer knew it was false when he caused the labels to be affixed, and that is difficult. Under the new law a drug or a cosmetic must be not dangerous if used as prescribed on the label. Secondly, a drug must not be sold as a cure for a disease if it is only a palliative, and the label must state it is not a cure. Thirdly, patent medicine labels must, under the revision, state clearly and fully the dangerous properties or habit-forming character of drugs used and warn the consumer against them if necessary. Lastly, no drug products can be sold for the self-medication of such serious or incurable diseases as cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, venereal troubles, blood poison, etc.

Broad general principles underlie this revised law. If apples contain more than the legal minimum of arsenic or lead, left as spray residue, they are condemned legally. If a food does not live up to the established standard it is violative. That means that if jams or preserves are defined as products containing half fresh fruit and half sugar, no distinctive trade names can be used to blanket them into legal respectability while gulling the consumer. Packaged foods must also fit their containers. There will be an end to deception by slack filling, or such deception as that effected by packaging plain noodles in a yellow cellophane container to make them resemble egg noodles.

Today even if the government wins, the people often lose. The government wins a case against a notorious but widely sold consumption cure. Many bottles are destroyed. The labels are cleaned up. But the people lose, not because the government officials are rascals but because the law is full of loopholes. The manufacturers can resort to general advertising, make the same old claims for their nostrum, retain their old trade, and gather new. The conviction is only a minor setback; the fine is too small to be prohibitory.

It is time for a revision. The government must have larger inspection powers to enter plants and to establish sanitary conditions of manufacture. It must control general advertising. It must curb the widely sold and dangerous cosmetics full of deadly poisons. It must proceed on basic, scientific principles, rather than by legalistic precedent.

The needed revision has been proposed. It is well written and offers consumers maximum protection from unscrupulous manufacturers while at the same time protecting legitimate business from the unfair competition of the frauds and quasi-racketeers. This law cannot be enacted, however, unless the public is fairly informed and supports it.

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A CATHOLIC PAPER VS. COMMUNISM

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

IN WARFARE it is necessary to know as much as possible about the enemy. Thus logically the Communists keep their eyes constantly directed to the Catholic Church. For they admit that, in their attempt to substitute the Marxian aspiration of an ideal society for the religious aspiration of an ideal future life, the Church is their "chief rival." This is not only because she is the most powerful defender of the masses against atheism but because in the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI she, alone of all social forces, has adopted a program of social justice. It is, above all, a program recognized as dangerously inimical to Communism. It must be relentlessly fought and fought irrespective of the agency that, in whole or in part, applies its principles. Much of the bitter communistic opposition to President Roosevelt's program and particularly to the NRA can be traced to the fact that many of its fundamental principles closely parallel those of the Church. The President and the Pope alike are accused of designedly seeking "to opiumize" while treacherously asserting a desire to help the people.

Through numerous publications, over the radio, from platforms and soap-boxes, the Communists in America repeatedly make this accusation. They are thoroughly armed with knowledge of the enemy. Anyone reading or listening to their arguments, oftentimes merely vituperative, is immediately impressed with their complete acquaintanceship with papal encylicals. Many of their speakers and writers quote literally and liberally from "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadregesimo Anno." These quotations have been used for a dual purpose: on one hand they are distorted to prove the Church is an oppressor of the poor; on the other they are used to demonstrate that the Church herself advocates a weak dilution of Communism. From the latter argument is derived a corollary which, singularly enough, asserts the compatability of Catholicism and Communism. It has a special value when the Communist is appealing to the Catholic. Obviously the latter, if he is at all grounded in his religion, will quickly determine this fallacy of the Church being at once in even a slight consonance with Communism and an enemy of it.

But unfortunately the appeal is frequently made to the Catholic worker who is not intellectually equipped to disregard conclusions drawn from false premises. The Communist spellbinders weave emotion into their arguments; they play on injustices and interests which can alone be served by self. Among the workers they are ubiquitous. Their publications—for the workers, for children, for high school students—are widely distributed and occasionally go unrecognized for some time as the propaganda they insidiously are. Until only recently they have been the only organs which are written directly for the working-man and working-woman and their children.

These facts, pondered upon, produced the idea which is responsible for the publication of a new labor paper, the *Catholic Worker*. Its policy is designed to meet this vital problem of educating the Catholic worker in the labor teachings of the Church; to give him a journal that is essentially and peculiarly his; to offset the polemics of Communism with a clear exposition of the principles of social justice enunciated in papal encyclicals; and to oppose Communism and atheism by fighting for social justice for the working-man.

The genesis of the *Catholic Worker* cannot be explained without adducing some of the history of its editor and founder, Dorothy Day. A student of the University of Illinois, she was a Socialist at sixteen. She was then, as she is now, convinced that the great appeal of the Communist party "was its call to the fine instincts in young Americans." Coming to New York at eighteen she became connected, as a writer and journalist, with the socialistic movement. Later she was associated in her profession with several of the Communist magazines and worked for the Anti-Conscription League and the Anti-Imperialist League. Seven years ago Dorothy Day entered the Catholic Church and with her conversion she perforce had to abandon her accustomed and profitable work. There was no Catholic publication in America which could take full advantage of her singular ability and her complete knowledge of the problems of labor. That she could no longer work effectively and continuously for labor was in itself a distinct deprivation for one who had theretofore made it her life.

Last fall she met Peter Maurin, a French Catholic working-man. Maurin might pithily be described as a lay follower of Saint Francis. More specifically he is an apostle to the radicals. For a number of years he has frequented Union Square and Columbus Circle where are conducted the most widely attended open-air informal forums in New York City. Maurin does not employ a soap-box. From audiences, he questions Socialist or Communist speakers and defends the position of the Catholic Church. Or he will initiate a discussion with one or two or three bystanders, gradually collect a crowd and address it although ostensibly talking only to his original listeners. He had long advocated a newspaper for the Catholic worker and, although Dorothy Day was theretofore convinced

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of the need for one, she argued that they had no money. "If anyone wants to do a thing enough, he will do it without money," Maurin argued and encouraged her.

She discussed the plan with various priests and editors, frankly explaining her hesitancy as a convert and a woman in undertaking the work. She was told that "since no one else was doing it," she could dismiss her self-objections. The *Catholic Worker,* Number 1, therefore, was sold in the streets of New York on May Day, 1933. The acorn from which the paper has grown over the past six months was, financially considered, $11. This sum, collected by the Reverend Harold Purcell, C.P., was donated by a Newark pastor of a church for the colored and by a New Jersey nun who works among the Negroes.

If there could have been any doubt of the need which the *Catholic Worker* fills, it must fall before the demand which has increased with each issue. The first edition was 2,500 copies; in October 15,000 were printed and in November, 20,000. The paper, which is now a monthly although it is planned to be a weekly eventually, is priced at $.01 per copy. The editors have been forced to defend this price, but it is a wise one, for the reader audience which they wish to reach cannot well afford to pay more. The price will not deter anyone from satisfying curiosity about a paper which can attain greater value if it is read by those, no matter of what faith, who are being impressed with radical teachings. Circulation through bulk mailing has also been made more desirable by the low rate. Priests throughout the country and Canada have placed individual orders of from five to ten hundred copies. The mailing list to individuals is only about seven hundred; the balance of the issue must be sold on the streets.

Needless to say the *Catholic Worker* is no bonanza to its editors and associate editors. True it is growing so fast that each month many orders for copies cannot be filled, but with increase of circulation comes an increase in expense. Nevertheless the editors have declared:

> The fact that we are so hard pressed for money does not depress us. We receive so many letters and orders from the very groups we wish to reach—and they are the ones who are not able to pay more than a cent a copy—that we feel that we are succeeding in our work. If we received plenty of money and not the support of the working class group we would feel that we were failing.

They have a hand-to-mouth existence but it has been lived in the spirit of Saint Francis. The paper is published at 436 East 15th Street in a basement office that must also be Dorothy Day's home. Little by little, enough money is donated to pay printing bills and rent in arrears. The editors, Dorothy Day and Dorothy Weston, for the present, go salaryless.

Meanwhile the publication of the *Catholic Worker* goes merrily if perilously along. It has an attractive format, it is in convenient tabloid size and it is written in an appealing style which is simple yet free from condescension. The editorial staff has the advantage of constant contact with those for whom it writes. Their habits of thought, their needs, their dilemmas, their duties and, most important, their essentially fine instincts are carefully studied, and on the basis of this knowledge editorial and news policies are developed. That they are well formulated is evidenced by the numerous letters received from workers in near and far sections of the country.

The editors of the *Catholic Worker* are thoroughly aware that they, too, must familiarize themselves with the tactics of the enemy. This does not imply that the paper itself has provoked wrathful reprisals from radicals. There have been some slight, but not serious, attempts at interference with its sale and circulation at various places, such as Union Square. There have been certain blasts from the Communist press. But Communism in the realm of ideology is the avowed enemy which the *Catholic Worker* fights. Dorothy Day, because of her pre-conversion experiences, is strategically placed as editor. There are few laymen in this country who are so comprehensively conversant with Communist propaganda and its exponents. She was long ago convinced that they comprise a danger to Catholic workers which has been aggravated by the cumulative distresses of the depression. And she, in ardent agreement with the papal principles of social justice, is a valiant defender of the Church.

She has associated with herself a corps of volunteer workers who form a nucleus for other activities which have grown out of the paper's organization and publication. For Peter Maurin had on his program round-table discussions in which working-men would participate. Simultaneously, then, with the first issue of the paper, he inaugurated the first of these round tables. They are now conducted monthly at the Manhattan Lyceum, a New York Communist and Socialist stronghold. The attendance is made up of the unemployed—including many who sleep in municipal and other free lodging houses and those who are forced to live on the streets—and Catholic workers from unions, offices and even from university classrooms. All are welcome and some Communists have accepted this invitation. Their presence has the value of making Catholic workers, who otherwise would remain silent, decidedly articulate. In defense and exposition they become more and more adept and through confession strengthen the faith that is in them. Here then has grown up the fine practise of discussions for the

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clarification of thought which has been advocated by our Holy Father.

Out of the round tables has grown another demand which is beginning to be met. Participants have been invited to the editorial office where they may have access to Catholic reading matter, particularly that which pertains to labor. The numbers who avail themselves of this privilege have increased and a new reading-room has been established in Brooklyn. Other similar reading-rooms are in process of formation at strategic points throughout the city. The editorial office, inasmuch as it has rapidly taken on the aspect of a social and educational center, is a partial fulfilment of a third point in the program advocated by Peter Maurin for the Catholic worker. This is the founding of houses of hospitality, similar to those of the Middle Ages, which would be vocational training schools, centers of Catholic Action and free hospices for the poor. Already some of the *Catholic Worker's* visitors occasionally employ its kitchen facilities to make themselves a pot of coffee. And with the winter the editor supposes:

> We'll have to follow the old I. W. W. custom of having a pot of stew on the stove to which everyone contributes a potato or carrot. These are little things, but we are urging every individual to do what he can. We want to preach and practise poverty, the holy poverty of Saint Francis. We want to combat class hatred and win souls to an enthusiastic love of God.

Indeed the great charity of the poor in the name of Christ to the poor is being splendidly exemplified by this new and vital group.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE UNEMPLOYED

By J. R. R. TRIST

THE VESTIBULE of a large hotel in Bloomsbury was thronged with pilgrims just returned from Rome, when an eager young journalist asked me if I could find a prize-fighter from Whitehaven who was six feet, three, weighed fifteen stone and had expressed regret that we had not walked to Rome. The journalist admitted that the details (culled from a rival newspaper) might be overdrawn; and with this help I found the happy-faced pilgrim concerned, whose old boxing weight had been nine stone, seven pounds. (He had never been a professional boxer!) Now, I imagine that the point of the quest was to furnish a story from one who had been upon this queer pilgrimage business and who could be measured in terms of modern heroics, somebody in fact who should be more like a gladiator, than a Christian martyr.

I was irresistibly reminded of a happening some seventeen centuries ago (A. D. 262 to be exact) when the Roman Emperor sent for Lawrence the deacon saying he would see the Christians' treasures of which he had heard. And Lawrence the deacon led before him the widows and the fatherless, the poor and the stricken. So was the Emperor greatly enraged and ordered that Lawrence the deacon be slowly roasted to death upon a gridiron. Which thing being done, the onlookers beheld in amazement how the love of Our Lord was so great in the heart of Lawrence that the grace of God enabled him to triumph over his pains, and he died jesting with his tormentors, bidding them turn him, for he was done enough upon one side. And so, seeing the mystery of faith, hope and charity, many received the grace of conversion.

So today the Emperor Mammon is ill-pleased to see "the unemployed" and the stricken victims of our age paraded as the treasures of the Church. Yet in truth such they are and as such were they received by the Holy Father himself.

And who were these unemployed? From Ireland's "black north" and from the Free State they came, from the far isle of S. Uist, from Aberdeen and Glasgow, from Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, the Midlands, Wales and East Anglia, from London and the South; from the mine, the mill, the docks, the office, the stage; and many more beside.

And what were their homes? Well, here is a story of one. His eldest little girl of seven was very good at school but she was too often late, so said the good nuns. So he and the mother, wondering (for the child left home betimes), inquired and found the cause. She always went into the church to pray that Daddy might find work.

And how did they beguile the long journey and its fatigue? (Two nights in a train are far more than twice one.) There were meals, of course. There were morning and night prayers and the rosary. There were friendships made. There was the countryside to see, the beauties of God's world at all hours of the day in strange lands, the poplar trees, the great rivers and the glorious mountains of Italy, and the towns, the housing and the different ways of other lands, and the children. Above all, the cultivation of the land, of all the land, and especially the wonder of those terraced steeps of Italy's mountain sides, all tilled, making full use of those things which the good God has given to man:

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The sun, the rain, the frost, the snow,
The wind, the stream, the soil.
The wits of man his task to know,
And the thews of his back to toil.

And more than one Lancashire pilgrim told me he knew many mills would never work again and the cotton-spinner must return to the neglected land.

So at last they came, happy if weary, to Rome at ten o'clock on the second night and a great crowd to greet the pilgrims—the *disoccupati Inglesi*. (*"Disoccupati"* is significant. We know the difference for example between "unplaced and displaced." *Dis*-employed or *dis*-occupied would remind us of our responsibilities.) And away they drove; the Irish contingent to the Irish College, another to the Istituto Divin Salvador, and the rest of us to the great new convent near the top of the Janiculan hill, the Istituto Mater Amabilis.

This servant of the pilgrimage will not easily forget the thronged Masses in the convent chapel or Benediction at night, nor how such odd times as waiting for meals or for an expedition to start found the chapel never without pilgrims praying before the Blessed Sacrament. How the good nuns fed us all, disappointed that we could not eat more, how they worked to wait upon us all, how those we did not see must have worked in the kitchens. Then there was the one "English mother" who answered questions far into the night, sold us stamps and posted letters.

The first morning was our visit to St. Paul without the Walls. Picture our procession some 450 strong entering the great basilica singing lustily; the great basilica so big that we seemed but a handful. Winding our way from the Holy Door between the great columns, marching behind the cross and tapers, and with our banners, we came before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament for the prayers led by Father Martindale; and then, reforming, went in turn to the altar of the Crucifixion, to Our Lady's altar, to the altar of the Confessio beneath which lies the body of Saint Paul himself; and so out and back again through the Holy Door until the three visits had been made and all the prayers said.

In the afternoon the students of the English, Scots and Irish Colleges guided many parties of pilgrims to see more of the glories that are Rome.

Next morning, we had an invitation to see "New Rome" and our visit took us to the Foro Mussolini, the great stadium and center of physical training, and our drive showed us the building of houses, the clearing of slums, the making of roads, the draining of swamps, the great new Ospedale Mussolini, the vast new Tuberculosis Sanatorium (the largest in the world) and much of the great work of the new régime as well as much of old Rome still being excavated and the splendor of Christian Rome of all the ages.

This left us with two visits for the afternoon; and, disdaining the *siesta* hour and the *sirocco*, we drove off to St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major where the jubilee visits were made and the prayers said as on the previous day. Said one of the pilgrims, "We ought to go on a Cook's tour one day: you cannot see everything when you are saying the prayers." But much that we all saw through our eyes alone will come back to us as time allows the unravelling of those tangled impressions. The prayers of pilgrims will mingle with the splendors of the ages in the great basilicas. At the Colosseum, around and around we went, making the Stations of the Cross in that spot hallowed by the blood of countless martyrs, from the eager Saint Ignatius to the least of those fearing fear but by the grace of God steadfast in the awful hour.

The last morning brought us to St. Peter's—and the visits and the prayers. "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram aedificabo Ecclesiam meam, et portae inferi non praevalebunt adversus eam." And we remembered that Saint Peter had been crucified nearby in the great circus . . . and that the gates of hell have not prevailed.

Then into the Vatican and through the wonders of the Sistine Chapel and galleries of famous paintings till finally we came into the room where the Holy Father was to receive us. At last the time came. How we cheered Christ's Vicar on earth, Saint Peter's successor, Servant of the servants of God! As we knelt round the room in double circle the Holy Father came to each of us and gave each his hand. And then he spoke to us for more than half an hour, his beautiful voice so clear, so animated. Monsignor Godfrey of the English College translated for us.

Then four hundred voices sang the Credo; and, seeing the Holy Father's face, one remembered how one of the pilgrims, when he had learned that he was chosen, had said that it was his hope to cheer the Holy Father's heart beneath the weight of the world resting so heavily upon him.

So the Holy Father blessed us and our families, our land and those we represented or served, and all those things we had brought to carry back to those at home.

By this time it was three o'clock and breakfast had been at eight and there was the *sirocco;* yet had no pilgrim fallen out despite the long hours of standing. Back to the convent for lunch, more kindly guides from the colleges for the last few hours; to pack, to dine; the final Benediction and farewell, full of gratitude to our kind and tireless hosts, the happy-faced nuns, the daughters of Our Lady, Mater Amabilis.

But this was not all: for next day we halted at Torino, there to visit the cathedral and to venerate the Holy Shroud of Our Lord—the shroud on which may be discerned the outline of the

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Sacred Body and the Holy Wounds of the Redeemer of mankind. There, too, we received the Cardinal's blessing.

So on with the journey, coming at last to London and to the Royal Hotel, the place of muster and farewell, and to dine.

But there had been one note of sadness. Our beloved leader, Father Martindale, had been stricken down with fever. With his usual fortitude he remained at his post throughout, though very weak and sorely ill. He is better now, thank God.

How privileged were we in all our priests—Benedictine, Dominican, Capuchin, Jesuit, secular parish priests and priests engaged in special work. It were an impertinence to particularize; a commonplace to be thankful; and many happy memories will remain.

But how came it all about? A pilgrimage is an affair of pilgrims. Yet, in human affairs, there must be taking thought.

The thought was sent to a young journalist named Gregory MacDonald and he communicated it to the *Universe,* that happy family with its eager assistant editor, its balanced senior and all the loyal staff of its governing director, Sir Martin Melvin, who kindled at the thought. Nor was it only business capacity, but faith, hope and charity that made possible those months of work to prepare the pilgrimage. Sir Martin Melvin had undertaken the pilgrimage and nothing was to be spared to take good care of the pilgrims. Nor was anything wanting: the selection of Mr. Teeling to be organizer with all the problems of the plans in Rome, the hard-working ever cheerful couriers of Sir Henry Lunn and all their plans of travel, feeding and lodging. Also the accidents of sickness in so great a number were considered. Sir Martin Melvin had seen to it that Dr. Mackey, a distinguished physician of Birmingham, and Dr. Ross of London (an experienced Lourdes pilgrim's doctor), with this old soldier and pilgrim doctor to organize, and two splendid orderlies from St. David's, Ealing (well known to many a Lourdes pilgrim as Jack and Paul), should have the care of the sick. Distinguished names were concealed behind the title of "assistants," not to speak of the kindly help given by the press.

But how was it all possible? By the generosity of Catholics all the world over, from cardinals to the poorest laymen who sent their scanty pence.

And what is a pilgrimage? I suppose the best answer is in those words of Our Lady to Blessed Bernadette: "Penance and procession."

And why had the Holy Father made this year an *extra-ordinary* Jubilee? In this the nineteen hundredth anniversary, to remind ourselves of the Redemption of Mankind. "Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi; quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisisti mundum."

THEORY OF THE PIG

By LEO R. WARD

MAN HAS been a partner of the pig for a long time, has lived by him and almost for him. Looking on now at the slaughter of the four million, farmers say: "It is not right; the packers will pay for this." Pigs are such noble brutes.

Little squealing droves of them run after the sows in the April sun. Piglet is a short and tiny fellow. He is all red, all black or white, or spotted and crossed, or he wears a white banner over black shoulders. Fault can be found with him. He has a dull ear, and is slow to learn the thump of green corn bounced into the dust from the swish of skim milk going into the trough. His eye, stuck almost in the side of his head, is not sharp and is fastened on the path a step ahead of him, the ear flapping over it like a blind or dimmer. His voice is born ugly; it is either a fat contented grunt or a thin whine like a freezing wind. The pig is dirty and greedy, he likes to lie in the mud and to drink slop.

And yet in an earlier day he might name his titles to respect. Men lived by the pig; he was said to be, and he was, the gentleman that lifted the mortgage. And notice how wise he is. Pigs live in houses. Men build houses for them. Yet a hog-house has to be very well built, or an old sow will not stay in it to bear her young. When she comes to term, she will root through any flimsy door or wall, and get out into the open to build a house of her own. A sow is not finicky, but she does like to have something personal about the house in which her pigs are to be born. She heads for a strawstack and nests alongside it, or takes mouthloads of straw and builds where she pleases; she will nose into the soil and throw up an earthwork which she lines with straw and hay. This house is not storm proof, it is a kind of well in which the pigs easily drown or are smothered in an excess of straw, but it is the sow's work and not another's. A Jersey or a mare has not this sense for building.

The pig keeps his eye on the future, too. A horse or cow never provides. When the wind veers, the horse's tail waves the other way, but the horse shows no sign of knowing north from south. The cow hoists her head and blows and then eats grass again; or, if lying, she gets up, blows, turns and lies down again facing the other way. She salutes the change in the weather and does nothing about it. We say: "The wind is changing: look at the cows." These beasts take their troubles as they come, a foolish thing to do. The pig takes sunshine as it comes, just as if it were meant for him. But he senses a storm, and gets ready. The pig knows; the feeling of a storm gathering got into his bones ages and ages ago, or maybe it was in the first pig and belonged to him as pig, and now it is as proper to him as his tail or snout. "Storm coming: look at the old sows." Almost looking up, and leaning a little against the wind, the pig runs squeaking, you might say, a reproachful December squeal; he grabs for a mouthful of straw, then another mouthful, and tries to stack it up in his own way against the weather.

Pigs are not, or were not, picked for the market. The

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best are selected to be kept at home. Choice gilts are taken early from the common run; they will mother next year's crop of pigs. Then others are picked to be butchered. Here is honor for your pig. "How about that barrow hunched there by the fence?—looks to me like the top of the lot." "Well, pretty good, but a little warty down low on the far shoulder. Look at this one asleep here: a perfect pig." The leftovers, even the scrawniest, go to the market. They ride off steaming and grunting in wagons and trucks on a winter day, or go before dawn in August. It used to be that a farmer might herd his shoats, maybe a hundred of them, four or five miles to the box cars.

See the lad looking at the block and grunting, or maybe two or three lads. We are butchering today. A fire is burning in the yard to heat the stones and chunks of iron, and these are to heat the water for scalding. The lad is hardly stuck and down when he is thrown, with the warmth and quiver of life still in him, into the boiling water. He goes in tailfirst, and an iron claw is caught in his jaw, inside, to work him up and down; then he is pulled out, and goes in headfirst, and is churned again, the men grabbing him by the hot slippery heels and tail. In no time he is being scraped with corn cutters and butcher knives, and, as the bristly hair comes off, the pelt is left shiny white except where it got scalded. Then he is hoisted, the gimbal stick run through the tendon of one heel and over the low limb of a tree and through the tendon of the other heel; there he swings, every bit of him except the blood and hair. Then his head comes off, and the trotters; they would be in the way of the workmen. Then he is slashed from tail to throat in the belly. As the entrails come tumbling down into a kettle, the hot liver and heart are freed and thrown into a pan for supper. Water is slushed through him, and he is left to cool. Work for everybody. Boys running to get knives and whetstones, men you might say almost twirling the shoat, the women's hands warming hardly a second under their aprons. By nine that night the lad, stiff and nearly frozen, is laid on a block and the lard torn from him in stringy flakes; the parts of him, hams and sides and shoulders, are stacked up till morning. The lard will be rendered tomorrow.

The same gent, the dirty and greedy pig, who fills your belly, also pays the rent. Or he lifts the mortgage. He does, if anybody does. The poor farmer has twenty or thirty pigs running around the place in spring and summer, the big farmer usually has hog-lots of them. A sow brings from six to ten or more pigs and saves from none to ten. Old Tenny got her name from saving ten pigs year after year. It is no new thing of course to get too many pigs for your corn on a farm or in a whole state, or to get too much corn for the pig crop. Jimmy McNary, so Moll told a neighbor, was the stingiest man in the world: he was on the side of too few pigs. "Do you know what he went and did now? Sold off all but the one sow, and what did the sow do but sit down on the hill the other day and have one pig!" Single-handed or with many helpers, he is the gent, mind you, that meets the bills. When prices run up, people say: "The pig is looking up": a thing that in a physical sense a pig never does; and when prices drop, they say: "The pig is sticking his nose into the ground." If the market holds at all, he is able and willing to carry his burden. But I have seen him, poor fellow, stooping a little under the load. In hard times, even the pig is overmatched. And if the cholera hits him he is worth nothing; he doesn't even get sick, he just dies; whole fields of pigs die, and all day, whatever the wind, the stench of scorching pork and boiling grease is on the air; farms of pigs have to be burned. Yet, though all a man's hogs die, never give him so much as a little pig. You may butcher hogs, or sell or trade hogs, or burn them by the gross; but you must never give away a runt or a suckling. For to give away a pig would be to give away your luck.

The hog farmer, if he keeps tied to the hogs, is distinct. He is always lank, the knees bag a good deal, each hand is caked like a hillock that has been worked in wet weather, he stoops from the hips, and more from the shoulders, and yet more at the chin. His words are short and whangy, he calls the hogs (almost a long *o*: ho-ogs), "Whu-u-ey! Whu-u-ey!" and, as they get close, "Pig! Pig! Pig!" not minding that the muddiest or dustiest brush him as they pass. His gaze does not easily range off over the fields, and the sunniest day is only fair. Still, neither he nor his pigs need be touched by the mange. If he is a good hog-man, he feeds the sow on bran mash when she farrows, and the pigs of course feed on the sow; he has no inborn distaste for seeing a pasture rooted up a little, for it is the way of pigs to root; he fences the farm hog-tight and lets the shoats have the run of the place in late autumn and follow the steers all winter to grow big on the droppings. The mange never knows pigs turned to hogs in this way.

It is true that some people take on a bit of the nature of pigs. The Bayles, father and four sons, after a winter behind the kitchen stove, used to come out in the spring "like mangy pigs from under a strawstack." It was a neighbor, quick with her tongue, that said this, and the saying, though none too fair to the pigs, was true enough of the Bayles. Old Mrs. Ebby, too, was just the color, and nearly the shape, of a lean Berkshire; and Ike and Em's pig, so I have often heard, picked up the crumbs under the kitchen table. The pig, kept in his pen, is no unworthy beast, but man as pig and pig as man are things a little upsidedown.

Ambassadress

By your hand, that beggars gentleness,
I know the mercy pierced Hands will possess.
By your eyes, that garner up the sun,
Giving it me at need,
I know there lives another patient One
Will bind my heart when it shall bleed.
And in your presence, unaccountably
Closing the dark of life away,
I touch afar, and happily,
Unchanging Day.

FURMAN KING.

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IN DEFENSE OF DAY-DREAMS

By MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

DR. RICHARD CABOT, in his excellent elucidation of "The Meaning of Right and Wrong," puts the habit of day-dreaming on the debit side of the account of those who would live rightly. He points out the undeniable fact that the dreamer is generally the hero of his own day-dream, and makes it evident that day-dreaming is a kind of self-indulgence. The disapproval of this apparently innocent kind of self-indulgence is characteristic of what Dean Sperry has so aptly called "the new asceticism," as indeed of most educational and psychotherapeutic theories of today.

Yet, in spite of the psychologizing pedagogues, the thought-loose state is not wholly to be despised. If the wayward dream is denounced by the popular psychologist, then one may remind him of the most common catchwords of his jargon: "compensation" and "frustration." Of all agreeable occupations, day-dreaming is the most wholly compensatory. But to the idea of "frustration" anyone who would defend the deliberate dream-state must instinctively object. There is something about this label, redolent as it is of that pity which is akin to contempt, which should be resented by the majority of civilized mankind. Nobody has everything he wants; most people, especially the more sensitive and fastidious ones and those whose sense of harmony is highly developed, feel the discrepancy between things as they are and beautiful possibilities. Nor is it always a matter of building, with cobwebs, a world "nearer to our heart's desire." Even in a normally satisfactory life, one cannot always be in the presence of the wittiest and most engaging people one has known; one cannot always be making the discovery of a congenial spirit; one cannot always respond, for the first time, to a thrilling touch; one cannot always hear "Parsifal"; one cannot always look across the Bay of Naples. Most fortunate are those day-dreamers who, while waiting in a noisy, drab railway station, can, at will, conjure up past raptures. It may be better even that they should miss their trains than that they should be the unnecessary victims of any chance "hard fact" which may bruise or bore them.

Day-dreams of pure fantasy are probably rare, except among children and poets. The average kind is likely to be in some way connected with reality. It would be either a memory held fast, or perhaps extended and elaborated; or it might be a happy possibility projected into the future. A delightful, but fleeting conversation of months ago may be continued indefinitely; a casual, but promising acquaintance may be turned into joyful intimacy. And, miraculous as it may seem, dreams do sometimes come actually, or at least approximately, true. For the conversation which has been so finely spun in dreams, an occasion may arise in reality: before you realize it, you will find yourself saying what you have said before—in a dream. And it is quite likely that the reality will benefit from such a dream rehearsal.

That day-dreaming is a delight, no one addicted to it will deny. But the Puritan conscience which condemns a pleasure because it is a pleasure is obsolete—though the mental hygienist who looks askance at "wishful thinking" and consolatory dreaming seems to have inherited some of the Puritan's thunder. Dreams may even be mildly intoxicating.

> "He on honey-dew hath fed
> And drunk the milk of Paradise."

But now that prohibition is obsolescent, one ought not to censure the moderate enjoyment of such a harmless narcotic which may warm one on a chilly day or bring cool breezes into stifling heat, which may regale the lonely heart with laughing companions, or bring the balm of solitude to one languishing in a crowd. There may of course be excess in day-dreaming as in all pleasures, but the evil lies in the excess, and not in the pastime itself. And it must be admitted that of all devices with which men deaden pain or boredom, that of day-dreaming shows the best economy.

Of course it would be far better if the dreamer disciplined the vagaries of his mind and turned the stuff that his dreams are made of into some artistic creation. Indeed, day-dreams are but a half-way house on the road to creative activity. They are the breeding-places for those evanescent ideas and visions which the poet or any artist struggles to hold fast. In certain kinds of creative enterprises, leisure for day-dreams is almost a requisite.

A happy minority can distill the essence from their day-dreams and turn it into tangible forms for the delight of others, perhaps even into creations of permanent value. But the mass of people who are not artists may in their day-dreams enjoy the elementary stages of creative imagination. They are amateurs and have all the pleasures, without the pangs, of the artist.

Educators may well consider whether it is desirable to root out a moderate inclination to day-dreaming and to deprive adolescents of the opportunity to nourish it. The pupil who is the product of an activity camp, in which every half-hour is planned, naturally tends to be bored and almost helpless to amuse himself when left alone. It would not perhaps be altogether absurd to establish a dream-camp in which the young people would be allowed to ramble about at will, to sprawl under a pine, with a book—but not a prescribed one—or to sit on the shore of a lake, even without a fish-pole, gazing for hours into the water. In this way they would come closer to the heart of nature than by making her the background for competitive sports or even by botanizing or counting the varieties of birds. For except to the disinterested scientist—and how many boys and girls are scientists?—nature appears only through the glass of our anthropocentric mood, and we might as well absorb her sights and sounds and fragrances into the texture of our dreams.

Beyond the pleasurable and the narcotic quality of day-dreams, they may even have curative powers. And this leads one back in a circle to the "compensation" and still more to the "escape" theories of the mental hygienists. It is a great gift to be able, in a time of distress, to draw strength from a precious memory or from the contempla-

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tion of some superb existence which may be distant in time or space. A present situation may be agonizing enough to lead one to despair—when a sudden suspension of the hideous actuality and a brief return into the deeper reality of dreams may restore sanity and even revive hope.

The familiar tale by Hans Christian Andersen, "The Little Girl with the Matches," was one of the profoundest illustrations of the intuitive self-cures of the suffering mind—long before they were labeled by psychology. The little girl, it will be remembered, cowers, destitute and shivering, in a street corner, holding a bunch of matches. The waif strikes the matches to warm herself and in the little flames appear visions of a festive table, of a Christmas tree, and finally of her grandmother, the one being who has been kind to her. Swiftly, desperately, to hold this lovely vision fast, the child strikes one match after another, until, at last, the whole bunch blazes in one flame, and the little girl's spirit leaves her frozen body and, with her dear grandmother, floats up to heaven. In every life there is such a grandmother—some central figure of light; and it is the better part of wisdom, in times of bitterness or distress, to be swift to light the flames that will preserve the life-giving dream and not to cease to light them until the last match is burnt out.

To One Far Away

I feel you in texture of velvet and sable and thrice-tempered steel;
I see you in colors, as purple for mourning, and scarlet for pain.
Your sweetness and tartness the flavors of quince and of almond reveal,
Your spirit is wafted in balsam-like pungence, in freshness of rain.
In music of Wagner for passion and courage and fire, I hear you again.

The world with its beauty I'd cull as a flower to fling at your feet;
I'd give you the sun and the stars and the moonbeams to lighten your way.
The depths of the ocean I'd fathom for pearls to adorn you, my sweet.
To win for you surcease of sorrow, the hurts of your heart to allay,
The uttermost drop of my life-blood, beloved, how eagerly, gladly, I'd pay!

Yet impotent, I; but there's One Who has given beyond your surmise;
You call Him implacable Law, being blind to His treasures of love.
Come, taste of His infinite sweetness, beloved, and open your eyes
Once more to the seven-fold blessings His goodness sends down from above.
How long must I plead in the darkness of midnight and know not the ending thereof?

SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION.

THE SCREEN AND STAGE

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Berkeley Square

ON RARE occasions, the screen succeeds in capturing the full flavor of an unusual stage play. John Balderston's fragile and charming "Berkeley Square" was a challenge to screen craftsmanship which I hardly felt could be met successfully. The play, although most unhappy in its mental implications, managed to convey a sense of unreality and fantasy through the deliberte use of realism. It did not, after the fashion of "Peter Pan," seek to give the illustration of a dream, of figures flying through the air, and of spirits taking mortal form. Rather it sought to make the audience accept the impossible as, in its very essense, real. It carried back Peter Standish to the days of his ancestors without using the implications of a dream. It tried to make you feel that a man could actually live both in the past and in the present, or, if necessary, both in the present and in the future. In transferring the stage play to the screen, I felt that there was a grave danger of an attempt to substitute fancy for alleged fact, to make the impossible seem plausible as well as real. I was pleasantly disappointed. "Berkeley Square," as a picture, is a literal transcript of the stage play. The retention of Leslie Howard for the part of Peter Standish merely clinches the case. From all time, one suspects, he was the one person indicated for this difficult rôle of the young man suffering from a sensitive dementia.

It may have been the farthest extreme from the author's intention to give this impression of his hero's state of mind. But the unhappy inference is there, and it is this fact which, to my way of thinking, gives the story its subtly unhealthy coloring. Peter Standish tries hard to find a rational explanation for his ability to go back a century and a half, even quoting one of the familiar analogies used to explain Einstein's relativity of time and space. But his inner desire is to live in the past, in a dream world of his own making, and this desire becomes so great that he succeeds all too well in shutting out from his mind the realities of the present, and in substituting for them a fantasy more real than actuality. In the end, when he recovers his sense of the present, the hold of the past upon him has become so strong that he must continue trying to live with it rather than face the responsibilities of marriage and a real future. One can, however, easily accept the charm and the pathos of "Berkeley Square" without giving too much thought to its overshadowing rumor of illness. "Peter Pan," for that matter, cannot escape a similar rumor—the abnormal mental clinging to childhood, the determination "not to grow up" which, in myriad forms, underlies many serious problems of maladjustment to real life. But Peter Pan admits his desires frankly, whereas Peter Standish tries to excuse them or explain them away. That is the essential difference between the two plays, both

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of which could be classed as "mere delightful fantasies." I still wish, as I did when the stage play first appeared, that the author had let his hero emerge more completely—that Peter Standish, in short, having lived with the past, had been ready to accept the present, keeping in his heart, perhaps, the memory of the girl who died one hundred and forty years before, but also accepting the claim of the girl who loved him today.

There is a world of tenderness in this play, and no little humor. But by the very margin by which it crosses the border line of reality, and remains across that border, it has a quality of morbidity which I would rather not see brought to the stage or screen.

Her Master's Voice

LARGELY due to the combined talents of Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews, Clare Kummer's thin little comedy of domestic life and domineering rich relatives manages to acquire a certain substance. Nor are Elizabeth Patterson and Frances Fuller laggard in their contributions toward the same end. But the play itself is seriously marred by two distinct and separate "comedy" references to birth control. Neither reference is in the least necessary to the action or plot of the play. Both are examples of the gratuitous manner in which present-day producers and authors spatter their plays with material supposed to have box-office value, regardless of all other considerations.

Miss Kummer has put into her framework a young married couple, a mother-in-law and a rich widowed aunt. All of these characters are endowed with a rich store of epigrams, many of them delightful, which bounce around the stage in gay abandon. Elizabeth Patterson, as the mother, has caustic things to say about her unsuccessful son-in-law until the moment when she herself falls in love with a rich and elderly bachelor. The son-in-law, being impersonated by that master comedian, Roland Young, replies to all sallies with a quick dry wit. Frances Fuller, as the young wife with operatic ambitions, carries her burdens of discouragement lightly. But it is Miss Crews as the susceptible and selfish rich aunt who places all the other characters in high relief. She mistakes her nephew-in-law for a butler, after finding him washing dishes, carries off her niece for a rest cure, insisting that she must be having a nervous break-down, unwittingly hires the nephew as a man-of-all-work on her large estate, almost falls in love with him herself, and otherwise exhibits the intelligence of a trained seal.

The general mix-up is solved when the husband discovers that he has a good radio crooning voice and will henceforth be able to support his wife in comfort. From this brief account, it should be amply evident that the play has no particular plot or purpose and that its only merit lies in its verbal fireworks. Even these would fall pretty flat in other mouths than the capable quartet of actors who take charge of the proceedings. And again, let me say, the quality of the humor is, on several occasions, gained at the expense of tawdry implications. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

DEFENDING THE COMMONWEAL

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Mr. Hedden of Boston takes issue with the nature of recent articles in THE COMMONWEAL, and wishes its editors in future to confine themselves only to such presentations as are in line with the traditional policy of the Church. I fear Mr. Hedden's native Boston pedanticism has inveigled him into the giving of a large order. I for one would like his explanation of what is the "traditional policy" of the Church.

The fact is, the traditional policy of the Church is the sum total of earnest members working with sure instinct and apprehension of the Holy Father's prayer that God's kingdom may reign on earth as in heaven. To instance: The daring of the late Cardinal Mercier in his conversations with our separated brethren on Reunion did not come from a false liberalism; it was because he was so sure of his theological foundation that he was able to use it as a point from which to reconnoiter, where others less sure would behold the miasma roundabout as something to view with alarm and as a danger rather than as a hope.

Another point: While wishing THE COMMONWEAL's adherence to the traditional policy of the Church, Mr. Hedden suggests a "gossipy" treatment of the presentations. There seems some sort of contradiction there, but blest if I can say exactly what it is. Taking Mr. Hedden's own choice of subjects, how would he go about giving us a "gossipy" article on (save the mark!) Our Lady as Mediatrix of Grace, and on the Assumption? As he claims to know his St. Thomas, the rest should be easy. I know, on the contrary, that many theologians would hesitate mightily before beginning a "gossipy" treatment of sanctifying grace, let alone such an equally metaphysical subject as the Assumption.

I venture the suggestion to Mr. Hedden that editorial intransigence of the nature he longs for is not the same thing as true Catholic prudence. It is always well to remember that the Church has withdrawn into her shell of recent centuries not of her own volition, but because the rising tides of aggressive and hostile nationalisms and antagonisms forced her there. In these times when the world is reaping the harvest of its own tares and cockles it is well that she has apologists in the arena competent to assort and appraise her friends as well as her enemies and assess them their true value in the light of true Christian humanitarianism. This I believe THE COMMONWEAL is doing and well, and Catholics should be glad to have such a solvent for their hopes and despairs and ambitions in these times. It may be harder, but it is better, to help than to criticize.

To cite one other instance of its usefulness and conclude: Often when traveling I have bestowed my COMMONWEAL upon any nuns who happen to be wayfarers on the same train. The flash of thankfulness always given in return is sufficient answer to the objections Mr. Hedden makes.

T. O'DONNELL.

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Jackson, Mich.

TO the Editor: Because "To the Editor" so often means "To the Readers" and because the Communications section of THE COMMONWEAL prints so many letters from people of note I have hesitated to express an opinion. For many weeks I looked for someone to champion THE COMMONWEAL against the opinions of Mr. Arthur Conway. Now he has a supporter in Mr. Charles B. Hedden.

Our family is one of many hard hit by the depression. THE COMMONWEAL is the only magazine to which we now subscribe. The first year out of work there were still parts of subscriptions to six magazines. The second year only two were left. Beginning the third we hope to continue reading THE COMMONWEAL.

It is for that very "practical side" of the articles on economics and politics, for the editorial notices concerning the events of the day, and for the willingness to give space to the expression of "liberal sentiments" that we have chosen our one magazine. Cannot the lovers of theology, philosophy and history find what they want elsewhere?

I wonder if there are not other mothers and housewives who may have read many different types of books in past-college days, but who now can spare but a few hours a week for reading, who look upon THE COMMONWEAL as a guide by which to interpret the quickly scanned articles in the daily papers; who read the reviews of books and plays as a substitute for the hours of recreation books and plays used to provide in the days before the depression. Are there not many other plain Catholic laymen who are thankful for THE COMMONWEAL as it is —including the article, "New Light on Birth Control"?

M. M. M.

THE SHADOW OF WAR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Has not Miss Thayer, in her letter on Catholic pacifism, rather confused the issue? Pacifism *forbids* the use of force, where the Church in certain cases *allows* it. But the Church does not *command* the use of force.

For instance, a mother surprises a criminal in the act of abducting or torturing her child. Her husband appears and threatens the man with a poker. A scuffle ensues between the husband and the criminal in which the husband is prepared to injure the criminal, even mortally, if he cannot otherwise prevent him from carrying out his evil purpose. If the mother is a real pacifist, she will disapprove of this attempt of her husband's to save her child, and will do anything in her power to prevent him from mortally injuring the criminal. How many pacifists are consistent to this extent? Is Miss Thayer?

The Church does not say that the husband *must* kill the criminal. The Church says that in certain conditions (and these conditions are more stringent than many people think) the husband *may* kill the criminal. The use of force is not characteristic of Christian procedure, but in certain cases it is permitted to Christian procedure. The use of force was not characteristic of Christ's procedure, but on one recorded occasion, in the affair of the money-changers, He made vigorous use of it, and thereby fixed for all time this principle for his followers.

It is probably a fact that the dominance of society by mechanism, which characterizes our time, has made modern warfare more horrible than any warfare heretofore experienced by mankind. It is probably a fact that the growth of centralized governments with their unprecedented powers over the minds and bodies of citizens, the influence of those governments by commercial interests, and the general supremacy of commercial ideas, have not only made commercial (and therefore unjust) wars very difficult to avoid, but have made it very difficult for the modern private citizen to distinguish between just and unjust war.

But these facts do not in any way alter the essentials of the situation. War has never been pleasant. Being killed, mangled, tortured, one's property ruthlessly destroyed, and seeing one's wife and children killed, abused and led into slavery, has never been pleasant. It has always been true that wounds and destruction hurt, and that "war is sweet to those who know nothing of it." And, similarly, even in the days before the controllers of press, screen and loud speaker selected the thoughts that men should think, it was not always easy to distinguish the just from the unjust cause, nor to avoid service at the dictates of conscience.

The question raised by Miss Thayer is of the utmost importance. Catholics should be instructed exactly on the teaching of the Church regarding war; should know exactly what are the necessary conditions of a just war, as laid down by Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas, and should train themselves to a critical attitude in the practical application of these principles. Only so will the mass of Catholic citizens, as such, be able to serve their country in helping to prevent another disaster. To take the short cut, and accept the pacifist position that all use of arms is indefensible, is very much easier, but it suffers from the disadvantages (1) of being out of line with Catholic teaching, (2) of not being really believed by more than one out of a hundred self-styled pacifists, and (3) of, in many cases, actually bringing on the calamity which it sought to avoid.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Charleston, S. C.

TO the Editor: It seemed to me that Miss Mary Onahan Gallery, in her criticism of your editorial, "The Shadow of War," in the November 3 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, did not catch the point of the article.

If Miss Gallery will read once more the first few sentences of the third paragraph she will see that the question of armaments or how we should be prepared for war is not at all discussed. The editorial is simply trying to bring home to its readers that there are forces at work today which could bring about another world conflict, and that it is the duty of each individual Catholic and non-Catholic, as well, to cooperate with the large organizations of all forms of faith for the preservation of peace, and, as you again point out in the issue for October 27,

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to enter into a spirit of faith and trust in Divine Providence by a complete rejection of the fatalistic philosophy of that oft-repeated phrase, "Another war is inevitable."

Now, since Miss Gallery has brought up the question of armaments, does THE COMMONWEAL agree with the armed policy which she presents as a means for the prevention of war? I am, at times, inclined to agree with such a policy. But always the danger presents itself that if the nations agree each to arm for the purpose of being prepared for war, then an arms race would almost inevitably follow, the ultimate end of which could only result in war itself. Of course this result, as well as the plan itself, is only theory. However, I should very much like to have this question discussed, if such a discussion has not already been presented and in that case the proper book would answer my purpose.

Just one more comment in regard to the letter on "The Permanent Things," by Mr. Conway in the September 15 issue, and Mr. Hedden's recent endorsement of it.

First let me state that I thoroughly agree with Mr. Conway that religion, history and philosophy are "the only permanently interesting things," but perhaps you can suggest to these gentlemen other sources where these subjects are more appropriately dealt with. Surely THE COMMONWEAL has no space to deal with them adequately. In our secular periodicals we would not turn to the *Literary Digest* or *Time* to have philosophy or history discussed, and among our Catholic publications we must have as good magazines as those of the secular press that will fully review the topics of the day. In order to include a thorough discussion of these subjects in THE COMMONWEAL, an enlargement of the work would have to take place, for if the material now contained is cut down the editors would not be able to accomplish their aim which is to give to the Catholic people of this country comments on the events transpiring around them and abroad in the light of purely Catholic principles.

However, I believe, and I think Mr. Conway and Mr. Hedden will agree with me, that the publication of a Catholic monthly magazine which would be devoted to a study of philosophy, theology and history, as well as the arts, music and liturgy of the Church, would be welcomed and ardently supported by many a Catholic reader.

ST. JOHN E. PATAT.

A JEWISH LEADER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Referring to the review of Rollin Osterweis's "Judah P. Benjamin: Statesman of the Lost Cause," which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL, I wonder if you will be good enough to run a notice to the effect that G. P. Putnam's Sons have withdrawn the book from publication because it is an infringement of copyright in connection with Pierce Butler's biography of Benjamin published in 1906. I think this is only fair to Mr. Butler, who has called the matter to our attention with the result that we have destroyed all copies of the Osterweis book.

QUENTIN A. BOSSI, *Publicity Manager.*

BOOKS

The Crisis of Protestantism

Problems of Protestantism, by Lewis Gaston Leary. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

THIS book is an effort to explain why "Protestantism is steadily losing its grip on the American people." Forestalling the objection that his opinions are merely the expression of his own timidity, the author has fortified his position by a partial but adequate canvass of the views expressed by others equally competent to speak on the subject and free from any suspicion of fear or partiality. Those who know Protestantism only from the outside may be reproached for taking such opinions too seriously, but nevertheless, so much frank discussion of the present plight of Protestantism must have some solid basis of fact. The author's point of view is distinctly pessimistic. He speaks as a Presbyterian, but he asserts that "from every great Protestant denomination there come the same admissions of present futility and warnings of impending disaster." The value of the book lies not, however, in the thoroughness with which the author has canvassed the opinions of others but in the frankness with which he has expressed his own. He writes as an observer and critic, not as a historian and philosopher, and concerns himself little or not at all with the causes and antecedents of the impending shipwreck of his own and of other Protestant churches.

There are nine chapters, with striking headings, in which the condition of Protestantism is analyzed from the standpoint of its statistical or numerical condition, its liturgical or aliturgical character, its polity, its ineffectiveness as a moral force, its sectarianism, its doctrinal chaos, its attitude toward scientific truth and teaching, its stand on social and industrial questions, and its prevailing spirit of failure and pessimism.

Though the author disavows any intention of dealing, except incidentally, with the troubles of other religions or of other branches of the Christian religion, his pages abound in references to the Catholic Church. Catholicism is the yard-stick by which he gages the ups and downs of Protestantism, the standard by which he estimates its success or failure. In the chapter on the statistics of Protestantism, very little weight is attached to the recent reports of gains in membership and conversions to the churches. Some of the statistics to which he calls attention are startling and some are erroneous. It is startling to read that less than one-third of the white Protestant ministers are graduates of both a college and a theological seminary, only about two-fifths have completed a seminary course, and only about three-fifths have either a college or seminary diploma. It is erroneous to say that only nine-tenths of the Catholic clergy are seminary graduates.

The chapter on Protestant worship, entitled "The Problem of the Center Pulpit," revives a controversy as old as Protestantism itself. Should the pulpit or the altar hold the central place in the church? Though a Presbyterian, the author favors not only rites and ceremonies

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but the ornamentation of churches, better church music, and more reverence on the part of the congregation. Gothic is no longer under the ban, and it is noted with approval that the Congregationalists, the Methodists and even the Baptists have commenced to pay more attention to the architecture of their churches. As compared to the deportment of congregations in Protestant churches the author has many flattering things to say about Catholics. "As for the Catholics, I am not at all worried over the prospect of the Pope of Rome becoming the political dictator of America. But I do believe that we Protestants might well—in our own ways, of course, and according to our own methods—strive after the greater reverence, beauty, quietness, peace, joy and assurance of nearness to God which characterize the public worship, the sacramental observances and the private devotions of Catholicism."

The chapter entitled "An Unhonored Ministry"—an analysis of Protestant church polity—is a sad revelation of the hard lot of the underpaid, neglected and browbeaten Protestant clergy, dependent as they are on the goodwill of their congregations, and uncertain of the tenure of office unless they conform to the whims of the petty tyrants who control their churches. The Protestant clergy are the butt of ridicule on the stage and in the press, whereas the Catholic priest is never assailed, and meets with such uniform respect that the author confesses he was careful to wear clerical garb when motoring in New York because of the deference shown to it by policemen. Respect and deference for clergymen of all churches is, he says, characteristic of Catholics in all walks of life. Protestants, on the contrary, do not honor their clergy. Suggestions to remedy what is designated as the moral impotence of Protestantism do not come readily to the author's pen. His arraignment of his coreligionists for their failure to make their influence felt as a constructive force in private and public morality is scathing and severe. He contrasts their apathy and indifference with the firm stand taken by the Catholic Church on divorce, birth control, suicide, immodest dress, indecent dancing, obscene literature and the sex emancipation of immature youth. "So far as I am aware," he says, "Protestant pastors have not dared to tell their wealthy parishioners to go home from church and put on more clothes."

In the chapter on "Sectarianism" attention is called to the pretensions of the futility, and the meaningless arrogance engendered by denominationalism. The question of denominationalism necessarily raises the problem of Church Union, and as to the success of this movement the author is neither enthusiastic nor hopeful. He is equally doubtful about the possibility of effecting an organic unity among the Protestant denominations in the near or in the distant future.

Protestant failure in the field of doctrine is attributed to its lack of an authoritative voice as a teaching organization. The author does not hesitate to say that the Protestants were the first to torpedo their own fundamental doctrines, that the Bible is the sole source of faith. They drew up creeds, "and there was for all practical purposes a return to the Catholic position against which the reformers had protested." In the chapters headed "Fearing

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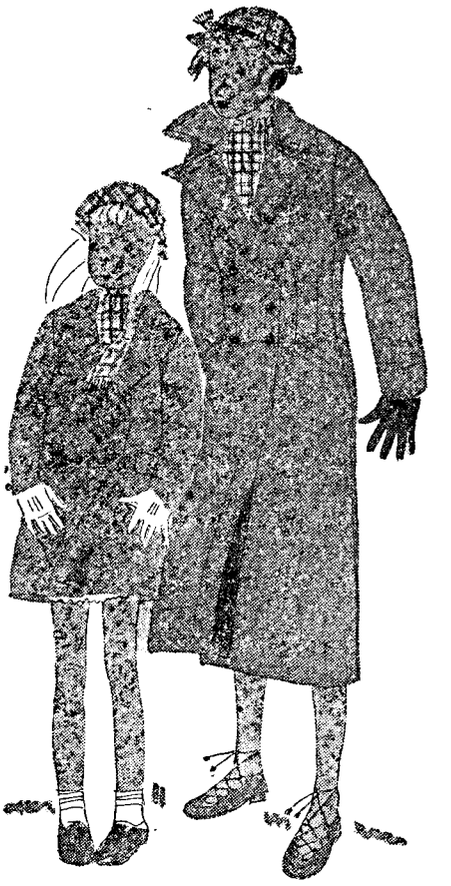

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NEXT WEEK

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE, by Oliver McKee, jr., reviews the possibilities and expectations of the conference of representatives of the two Americas, North and South, which will begin at Montevideo on December 3. "The doctrine of the good neighbor, set forth by Mr. Roosevelt in his speech on April 12, holds the key to the Latin-American policies of the present administration," writes Mr. McKee, who describes the recently renewed good feelings toward the United States of the Latin-American countries and also the knotty problems, principally financial, which will have to be solved. On their solution depends a new era of friendly and mutually profitable relations between the peoples of this hemisphere. . . . THE POETRY OF SAINT THOMAS, by G. K. Chesterton, is a concluding sequel to his writing on the Angelic Doctor appearing in this issue. It is another extract from the book on Saint Thomas Aquinas that is soon to be published by Sheed and Ward. . . . THE TURNING POINT OF TODAY, by Thomas F. Woodlock, is an article based on Professor Louis J. A. Mercier's book, "The Challenge of Humanism." The issue is drawn between a fatalistic beastliness, or naturalism, with its attendant melancholy, and control over the excess of the natural intellect, will and sense of man, or humanism, with its attendant secret of happiness. This article will deserve reading and rereading for the reader will carry away from it something of enduring value. . . . THE MEANING OF THE ELECTIONS, by Charles Willis Thompson, noted political analyst, finds in the recent municipal elections portents not of revolt but of revolution throughout the United States.

and Fighting the Truth" and "The Problem of the Cushioned Pew" attention is directed to the position taken by the Protestant churches on the findings of modern science, and their attitude on present social and industrial questions. Science, it is contended, will not destroy religion. Their spheres do not overlap. Though the Protestants were somewhat dilatory in turning their attention to the problems of society, the author finds some comfort in the manner in which some of the more influential Protestant organizations have expressed themselves on social justice and social reorganization. Here, too, there is an effort fully to give praise where praise is due. "The first great official denunciation of those who exploit their weaker brethren was, indeed, the encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, 'On the Condition of Labor.'" In their attention to social problems the Protestant churches, in the opinion of the author, are arousing themselves to a sense of their responsibilities, and in this matter he finds much for which to commend them. The last chapter, "The Problem of Pessimism," is an attempt to spur the Protestant leaders and people to throw off their hopeless and defeatist attitude in the present emergency. He closes his work with a word of exhortation and encouragement.

No person in the United States, believer or unbeliever, Catholic, Protestant or Jew, can be indifferent to what is taking place in American Protestantism. In spite of its present divisions and dissensions Protestantism is, as it has been in the past, a great force in the land. Were it to disappear and to be superseded by the pernicious forces that are already at work, and gaining control of public opinion and public activities, the future would be dark in the extreme. The fact is incontestable, however, that it has suffered a notable diminution in prestige and power since the World War. Its last great spokesman was Woodrow Wilson. Its attempt to control national politics was disastrous, while the "Laymen's Report" on its missionary activities sounded the knell of its future as an international power.

The mere fact that a book of this kind comes from the pen of a Presbyterian clergyman, and that he can substantiate his most pessimistic utterances by similar statements from the representatives of other denominations, is in itself sufficient proof that Protestantism in America is no longer sure of itself. Dr. Leary is frank and outspoken. He has given expression to his observations and conclusions without reserve or evasion. As to the accuracy of his report on the internal conditions of Protestantism, let his colleagues and coreligionists decide. The key to his general attitude on the character of Protestantism may be found in his own words, that "religion is not an intellectual concept but a way of life." This opinion, which is not original with Dr. Leary and which has been, and is shared by thousands of Protestants, is sufficient to devitalize any church or any religion. Those who make this assertion that religion is only a way of life are constantly asked to state which way. The alternative to reason in religion, as experience has proved, is emotionalism, and to a large extent, Protestantism is now splitting on the rock of emotionalism.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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The Social Sciences

Report of the Commission on the Social Studies. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Part I: A Charter for the Social Sciences, drafted by Charles A. Beard. $1.25. Part II: An Introduction to the History of the Social Sciences, by Henry Johnson. $1.25. Part III: Citizens' Organizations and the Civic Training of Youth, by Bessie Louise Pierce. $2.00.

DURING and after the Great War, the world became rapidly urbanized, mechanized and industrialized. This, in turn, influenced its social, economic, cultural and other interests. Our educational program and philosophy needed adjustment to changed conditions. A beginning was made by a survey of the teaching of social sciences in the schools and the curricula were found to be in a chaotic state. The American Historical Association was induced to sponsor standardization. The cooperation of a number of distinguished educators under the chairmanship of A. C. Krey was secured, and the financing of the studies was provided by the Commonwealth Fund and the Carnegie Corporation. The commission began its work in January, 1929, and expects to complete it in December of the current year. The Report will be issued in at least sixteen parts of which three have appeared at the time of writing.

Part I constitutes the introductory volume. Professor Charles A. Beard defines social sciences as all that pertains to human affairs. Distributed into disciplines it would embrace: economics, politics, anthropology, psychology, sociology, geography, history, esthetics, ethics, philosophy, religion, literature and perhaps some others each having aspects of its own. In shaping a program for the schools, the changing nature of society, industrialism, democracy and world relations must be determining factors. The object to be reached is to supplement the natural aspects of culture by the arts and other esthetic phases of human life. The book is fairly well written and centers the mind of the reader on the present actuality of the social sciences.

Part II is a rather brief summary of the teaching of history during the last three centuries. The division of history, its presentation, objectives, social value and the relation of the present to the past are considered. The title of the book is too comprehensive. The treatise is a mere skeleton. The author mentions the post-reformation historians, Sleidan, Weiss, Rouseau, Priestly, Basedow, Frederick the Great and Karl Mueller's survey "On the Teaching of History in Schools." At the end of the treatise, the author remarks that since about the year 1928 when history became a controversial subject, it is on its way to disappear from the curriculum.

Part III is an extensive compilation of records showing what different organizations did or intended to do for the civic training of American youth. The author, Bessie Louise Pierce, is associate professor of American history in the University of Chicago. In the present volume she enumerates the educational and civic policies of patriotic, military, pacifist, fraternal, religious and racial, juvenile, business and labor groups and the programs of prohibition and anti-prohibition societies. A large amount of infor-

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mation is found under these headings showing a great variety in methods as well as in principles and objects.

Chapter XIII consists of ten pages on the educational and historic war and peace work of the Knights of Columbus. Seven more pages in the following chapter deal with the work of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Catholic Association for International Peace. Among the youth movements not one Catholic organization is listed. Evidently, the commission did not find the right Catholic sources of information. Nor is it easy to gather adequate Catholic information. Among Catholics, civic training is done by parochial, diocesan and national agencies of several types. The combined efforts are extensive, but statistics and informational material has never been gathered nationally. The information furnished by the N.C.W.C., the K. of C., National Catholic Charities, etc. as found in their publications, is so fragmentary and stale as to arouse but little interest.

The appended bibliography covers fifty-six pages, listing articles, periodicals, books, pamphlets, newspapers and reports mostly of Masonic origin. It is the belief of the author that the interest in the civic training of youth is ever increasing. As to the results of the training activities, she declines to prophesy.

There are things lacking and doubtful in these volumes that later volumes may supply, correct and interpret.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

The Return of Elia

Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries, by Edmund Blunden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

NOW THAT we approach the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Charles Lamb—he died 27 December, 1834—we may expect more frequent reference to him than of late years has been customary. His writings are a definite requirement among school readings, and they seem to have become fair prey to the makers of fine bindings; nevertheless, for the most part, the author whose name next to that of Shakespeare and of Samuel Johnson is the best known in literature is seldom nowadays mentioned. Seldom indeed thought of—except by a small but intense band of enthusiasts, among whom is Mr. Edmund Blunden, one of the best informed and most understanding of the commentators upon the literature of the early nineteenth century.

In former volumes he has given the most intelligent biographical critiques, yet to appear, of John Clare and of Leigh Hunt. The present undertaking is less ambitious. It is a printing of the lectures delivered by Mr. Blunden at Cambridge as Clark Professor of English Literature for 1932; hence, it is more in the nature of a review than of a research. Slight though it may be, the book has one advantage over much that has been written about Lamb; it avoids all the trite anecdotes, especially those in the "Saint Charles" tradition, that have contributed toward the decline of his reputation during the past generation.

But the work has a virtue more nearly positive. It includes a more than adequate appreciation of the essays

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and also a sketch of the background against which Lamb and his friends lived and moved. In addition, however, Mr. Blunden points up a characteristic of Lamb's experience which has been almost totally overshadowed by the Elian essays: his early work as a poet and his continuous activity as a critic. Everyone knows, of course, the value of Lamb's contribution to the study of the drama contemporary with Shakespeare, just as everyone knows about his interpretation of Hogarth and about his predilection for the sonnets of Philip Sidney. Not everyone, however, has realized that he was one of the best of the "romantic" critics, those who instituted the interpretation of literary art in terms of the artist as against the appreciation of it according to the rules established by the critical arbiters of the previous century. Of this last idea Mr. Blunden reminds one in no uncertain manner. And just as certainly he recalls the fact that Lamb began his writing career as a poet. Although the literary historians have long since consigned this early verse to oblivion with the possible exception of "The Old Familiar Faces" which invariably appears in survey anthologies, in this volume Lamb is somewhat sharply focused, and justly so, seemingly, as a moving spirit in the poetic revolution of the 1790's. Mr. Blunden has readvertised Lamb as the essayist paramount and reemphasized him as a poet and critic.

GEORGE CARVER.

Word Music

Blossoming Antlers, by Winifred Welles. New York: The Viking Press. $1.50.

PERHAPS there is no poet of the present day who combines with her fancy's texture a more felicitous precision of phrase, a more varied and musical exactitude of rhythm and meter, than Winifred Welles. Were it not for their structural firmness of thought and workmanship, her airy edifices might float away or be shattered like castles of glass or spun snow. In "quietness and confidence" is their strength. Like Blake's is a fancy that conceives of Light, the first creature, as "supple, silent and alone," that pictures a deer's antlers as bursting into blossom:

> ". . . silver pollen loosed and fell,
> Of gentle petals that were shed
> From that hard orchard on his head."

Yet when the reader muses too long over the evanescence of these poems, he is pulled up short by the dry humor of "Nosegay to a Young Goat" and "Hornet on the Counterpane," startled by the grimness of "Miss Caulkins and the Centaur." And in "People into Sprites" and "From One Long Gone and Far Away," and the final "Panels for a Pine Room" containing "Death of a Gentlewoman" and "Mortal Dwelling," fairyland's charm does not blind us to the beholding of that perishable mortality our coffins await! The author's intensest personal reactions are bound into the very warp and woof of her dreams. "Blossoming Antlers" is a "quiet, beautiful event."

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Briefer Mention

Follow the Saints, by Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

HERE are brief readings on the lives of more than a hundred saints, each reading followed by a "reflection" to encourage imitation. The book is written principally for children. The choice of traits to be dwelt upon is not particularly happy. Although the majority of the saints presented are young, the impression is left that their sanctity consisted chiefly in disliking and avoiding the things which children most desire, and in performing acts of mortification, charity and zeal for which most children would be spanked. Moreover, these saintly actions and attitudes are seen through adult eyes: they are not explained in terms of a child's thought and activity. The saints seldom emerge in these pages from the state of pious automatism in which the sugary and lacrimose hagiography of centuries has involved them. The book will consequently do little to vitalize and humanize sanctity in the eyes of children. The "reflections" are better. They are comparatively simple lessons in Christian doctrine, morality, liturgy, and piety, that could be used as readings in connection with catechetical instructions. The absence of an index is however a disadvantage.

Hell's Desert, by Frank H. Spearman. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00.

THERE are sufficient turnings and twistings in the plot of "Hell's Desert" to overbalance its long-foreseen dénouement. For this novel is a "Western." Those who remember this type of fiction will recall that if there is a romance it ends happily. Ann Harrison and Jeff Sollers are no exception. Of course a note of modernism has crept into "Hell's Desert"—Ann practises law. Sleepy Cat, which is dominated by the usual "bad men," seemingly accepts murderers and women lawyers with equal imperturbability. "Hell's Desert" can be safely recommended to all who can find pleasure in a book which is as much an anachronism as "East Lynne."

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